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WHEN THE ICE CAME DOWN.

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

WHISTLING and with a strapful of books slung across his shoulder, Jack Parker turned a little out of his homeward way to go down to the river, where the great piers of the new railroad bridge were rising higher each day.

All around the bridge the air was full of clanging and grinding and creaking noises. Several men were working near him, and Jack looked up to find another man watching him in quiet amusement. He did not have to be told that this was Mr. George Heath, the civil engineer under whose watchful eye the bridge was being built, and Mr. Heath remembered that nearly every day he ran across this bright-looking boy somewhere around the bridge.

"Well, young man, what do you think of it?"

Taken by surprise, Jack reddened suddenly. What he had been thinking was not entirely complimentary. "Oh, I—I like it pretty well," he said slowly.

"Then you don't like it altogether? What seems to be wrong?"

The engineer seemed interested and rather entertained. "What is it?" he repeated encouragingly, and Jack told him.

"I was just wondering what will happen in the spring, with all that stonework to fill the channel up. I don't know much about bridges, but it seems as if there were a great many piers for this kind of a river."

"You mean when the ice breaks up?"

"Yes," said Jack, eagerly, all enthusiasm in

telling the idea which had been simmering in his brain for several weeks. "It seems funny that the railroad company should want a fifteen-pier bridge, which will catch the ice and jam it, and force the water back over its own tracks. This end of the city is pretty low, and when the ice comes down it comes in an awful hurry, and wants lots of room to get through."

Jack stopped, half embarrassed, as he remembered that this was a strange way to talk to the engineer who was responsible for the building of this bridge; but Mr. Heath seemed rather to enjoy it. His eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

"We don't expect the ice to jam," he explained kindly. "If this city were in a colder part of the country, your criticism would be all right. Since you are interested, I will tell you that there are engineering reasons why a fifteen-pier bridge is better adapted to the company's uses at this point. Circumstances *might* give us trouble with the ice, such as a break-up on the upper river and its tributaries before the ice began to move here, but it would take such a winter as you have n't had in twenty years."

Jack said nothing. He knew that his knowledge of bridge construction was limited, but he had grown up beside this river and felt that he knew its habits pretty well.

"Perhaps you will be a civil engineer yourself some day," Mr. Heath added, turning away as his foreman came up to him.

"I'd like to," said Jack, soberly, "but I'll

have to go to work as soon as I leave school, and it takes a long time to be a C.E."

"Oh, don't mind that," the engineer called after him. "Remember that what is n't worth working for is n't worth having."

In another moment he was deeply engaged in giving orders to the foreman. Jack swung his book-strap over his shoulder and made rapid strides to get home and out again to a practice game of base-ball.

For Jack the summer sped by quickly, and the autumn opened his senior year at the High School. He was taking the commercial course there, and when the school year ended he was to get a position as soon as possible.

Of course it was all right, Jack thought ruefully. He had no wish to shirk his part, especially with four smaller brothers and sisters coming after him, to be fed, clothed, and properly educated for their start in life; but his old dream of a course in some good polytechnic institute grew dearer as it grew fainter. He wished above all things to be a civil engineer; but this would take time and money, and for the present he must put aside his ambition and take whatever kind of position he could get.

Meanwhile he was a senior, High School '04, and too busy with studies and debates and basket-ball to think long about the future. When the railroad bridge was completed in the autumn, Jack stood in the crowd on the bank and cheered with them as the first train went across.

By Christmas-time the bridge was an old story. But at the end of January people began to complain that the winter was uncommonly severe, and to wonder what the ice would do in the spring. The river was frozen from shore to shore, and had been since early December. Heavy snows and rains, followed by zero weather, had raised the ice far above the river's average winter level.

It was a "record winter." February came and went, and the ice crept a little higher. It was late in March before the thaw came, and then it came suddenly—three days of hard, warm rain, rotting the ice and swelling the upper courses of the stream. On the afternoon of the third day Jack went down to the river.

As he neared the bank, an old riverman whom

he knew well jerked his thumb expressively toward the middle arch of the bridge.

"Oh, it's jamming!" exclaimed Jack, as he craned his neck eagerly and looked. The ice under the bridge arches was two feet higher than it had been the day before. Across the river, and up and down as far as he could see, the ice-field stretched out under the driving rain, not smooth skating-ice, but ragged, tumultuous heaps, rough and dirty with the mud and debris carried down by high waters. It lay in great cakes, pushed and heaped up by the enormous pressure behind it, and looking as if an earthquake had heaved it into confusion. There was not a sign of motion in the whole length and breadth of it, yet it had risen, as all could see.

"If the gorge on the Lehigh should bust and get down here before this ice goes—" said the riverman.

"What will happen?" Jack inquired.

"Well, it may take some of this bridge along for a souvy-neer, and it may leave it here for us; but it would be cheaper for folks in this town if they'd start that jam down-stream with a blast o' dynamite. These here fifteen big piers do jam that ice awful."

Jack went home quite disturbed. It had not occurred to him that the ice on the Lehigh, many miles away, might break and come down before the river was cleared here. It had never done that before. His own home was only three blocks from the river, and he felt anxious. His father was night operator in a telegraph office, and after supper the responsibility of the house would rest on Jack.

He whistled softly as he took off his wet coat, but he kept his thoughts to himself until supper was over and his father had started off for his night duty. Then he put on his hip boots and went down cellar for work.

"It's a little higher than it was," he said to himself, as his mother, looking troubled, stood on the cellar stairs and held a lamp high for him. "I'll move things 'way up and out of its way."

When this was done, Jack said: "If you don't mind, mother, I'll run down and see how things are getting on. I'll be right back."

Outside he found that the rain had ceased, and a strong wind was blowing. As he came down to the river his feet splashed in shallow

water in the middle of the street. Several wagons and carts passed him, laden with hastily piled household goods. People along the river front were moving to higher ground.

Just enough moonlight drifted through the parting clouds to show Jack the roughly heaped ice-field, the dark bulk of the bridge, with its massive piers, and knots of curious sight-seers, picking their way along the bank.



"I WAS JUST WONDERING WHAT WILL
HAPPEN IN THE SPRING."

At the bridge the ice was a choked mass, piled high under the arches, and dangerously near the tracks. He could hear the grinding and creaking of the great cakes, the suck and gurgle of the water beneath them, pushing to get down the river and threatening to spread out to land if an outlet were not provided soon. Even a few boats were in the wreckage.

Jack caught from a group of men the words: "They're dynamiting the ice on the upper

Lehigh." "I heard that the gorge there burst about four o'clock," one man in the group was saying. "If that is true, it's coming down here with a rush, and I'm just as well satisfied that I don't live in this part of town."

Jack sped home. He told his mother what he had seen, but said nothing yet about the

reported bursting of the Lehigh gorge. There was no use in worrying her any more, and besides, the jam might give way before the Lehigh ice reached them. When the younger children were in bed he said:

"Now, mother, we're all right, and it's time you had some rest."

She went to bed, more to please Jack than to sleep; but the boy carried to the second floor, piece by piece, such articles as would be ruined by a possible rush of water. He had to be quiet, for fear of alarming his mother and the sleeping children, and when he finished it was

after midnight. Then he sat down by his window and stared out into the half-lit darkness toward the river, too excited to close his eyes.

Two hours passed. His head began to nod, and presently he awoke from an uncomfortable nap to hear a clock strike four. There were other sounds in the air. Jack opened the window wide and leaned out. Yes, it must be the ice. Harsh grinding noises came up from the river, as though the gorged mass was struggling to get free, and under it all was a distant murmur which grew louder as he listened.

In a few moments it was a sullen roar, born of rushing waters and crashing ice, tons of it, hurled down from the upper river to pile against the jam at the bridge. The jam held, and with a rush the water sought a new channel, and spread out over the southern end of the city.

Jack held his breath as he heard it coming.

He could see it, too, in the dimness, an irresistible rush of water sweeping up the sloping street, and bearing with

ahead with the violence of the current. Then came the swish and slap of water against their own steps, and bump! bump! as a heavy ice cake slammed its weight against the house.

"Jack, are you awake?"

"Oh, yes, mother! Don't worry; we're all right. The house is strong, and it can't hurt us unless it comes up to this floor."

"Don't wake the children until it is absolutely necessary," she warned him.

The bumping of ice cakes against their own house was not pleasant. Jack and his mother huddled close and watched and listened. Morning was coming, and a strange-looking street was being unfolded to their view.

"Is it any higher, Jack?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid so. Perhaps—listen!"

From the river, in the direction of the bridge, came a sudden crash and roar, and then the steady grating rush of tons of freed ice. Jack jumped to his feet.

"There she goes!" he shouted excitedly, forgetting the sleep-

ing children. "Do you hear that? The jam's burst! Look at the water! Hurray!" Its natural channel once more free, the water



"HELLO, FATHER! WE'RE ALL RIGHT!"

was draining out of the sloping street almost as rapidly as it had come, leaving masses of ice stranded high and dry. Jack leaned out of the window and saw one huge cake balanced neatly on the projection above their own front door, while a score of others lay on the sidewalk. In fifteen minutes their end of the street was quite clear, save for the ice cakes and the mud streaks on houses and pavements. Around the next corner he saw a man come, running excitedly. Jack pulled off his coat and waved it.

"Hello, father! We're all right!"

It being Saturday morning, Jack went down to the river as soon as he had finished what breakfast they could get in a wet kitchen. His brother Jimmy was at his heels, wild with excitement.

All the way down they saw dampness and mud on every side, the water line running to the second floor and above, as the street sloped lower. Ice cakes were stranded in the most unlikely places, piling ten and fifteen feet high when obstructed, and the tracks of the railroad had received their full share, although by this time the workmen had nearly cleared them away. Crowds of sight-seers were about the drenched streets and the muddy river, which flowed free for the first time in months.

When they came to the bridge Jack caught sight of a well-remembered face. It was Mr. Heath, who had come down on the first train through, and as he saw Jack, he smiled.

"Well, the ice jammed, did n't it?" he said.

Jack laughed, rather proud to be recognized, but he quickly warmed into a different sort of enthusiasm.

"Yes, it did, but that must be a splendid bridge to stand the pounding it got last night, and never show it. I'd be proud of that."

Mr. Heath smiled again. He took out his card-case, wrote something on a card, and handed it to Jack.

"If you still want to be an engineer when you leave school, bring this to my office, and I will give you a position. We have a fine polytechnic in our city, and if you are in earnest you can work through. I did. Good-by."

Jack looked from the card to the disappearing back of the engineer, and from that to



"JACK LOOKED FROM THE CARD TO THE ENGINEER."

Jimmy, who was staring at him in breathless admiration. He felt almost stunned.

"Whew!" he said slowly. "Glory! What luck!" he exclaimed, and leaving the river and its sight-seers, he ran post-haste for home, the devoted Jimmy close on his heels.

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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By L. FRANK BAUM,

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CHAPTER IX.

JIKKI HAS A WISH GRANTED.

NEXT morning Aunt Rivette summoned Jikki to her room, and said:

"Take these shoes and clean and polish them; and carry down this tray of breakfast-dishes; and send this hat to the milliner to have the feathers curled; and return this cloak to the Princess Fluff, with my compliments, and say I'm much obliged for the loan of it."

Poor Jikki hardly knew how to manage so many orders. He took the shoes in his left hand, and the tray of dishes he balanced upon the other upraised palm. But the hat and cloak were too many for him. So Aunt Rivette, calling him "a stupid idiot,"—probably because he had no more hands,—set the plumed hat upon Jikki's head and spread the cloak over his shoulders, and ordered him to make haste away.

Jikki was glad enough to go, for the fluttering of Aunt Rivette's wings made him nervous; but he had to descend the stairs cautiously, for the hat was tipped nearly over his eyes, and if he stumbled he would be sure to spill the tray of dishes.

He reached the first landing of the broad stairs in safety, but at the second landing the hat joggled forward so that he could see nothing at all, and one of the shoes dropped from his hand.

"Dear me!" sighed the old man; "I wonder what I shall do now? If I pick up the shoe I shall drop the dishes; and I can't set down this tray because I'm blinded by this terrible hat! Dear—dear! If I'm to be at the beck and call of that old woman, and serve the new king at the same time, I shall have my hands full. My hands, in fact, are full now. I really wish I had half a dozen servants to wait on me!"

Jikki knew nothing at all about the magic power of the cloak that fell from his shoulders; so his astonishment was profound when some one seized the shoe from his left hand and some one else removed the tray from his right hand, and still another person snatched the plumed hat from his head.

But then he saw, bowing and smirking before him, six young men, who looked as much alike as peas in the same pod, and wore very neat and handsome liveries of wine-color, with silver buttons on their coats.

Jikki blinked and stared at these people, and rubbed his eyes to make sure he was awake.

"Who are you?" he managed to ask.

"We are your half a dozen servants, sir," answered the young men, speaking all together and bowing again.

Jikki gasped and raised his hands with sudden amazement as he gazed in wonder upon the row of six smart servants.

"But—what—are you doing here?" he stammered.

"We are here to wait upon you, sir, as is our duty," they answered respectfully.

Jikki rubbed his left ear, as was his custom when perplexed; and then he thought it all over. And the more he thought the more perplexed he became.

"I don't understand!" he finally said, in a weak voice.

"You wished for us, and here we are," declared the six, once more bowing low before him.

"I know," said Jikki. "But I've often wished for many other things—and never got a single one of the wishes before!"

The young men did not attempt to explain this curious fact. They stood in a straight row before their master, as if awaiting his orders. One held the shoe Jikki had dropped, another

its mate, still another the plumed hat, and a fourth the tray of dishes.

"You see," remarked Jikki, shaking his head sadly at the six, "I'm only a servant myself."

"You are our master, sir!" announced the young men, their voices blended into one.

"I wish," said Jikki, solemnly, "you were all back where you came from!" And then he paused to see if this wish also would be fulfilled.

So they descended the grand stairway to the main hall of the grand palace, Jikki going first and his servants following at a respectful distance. Just off the hall Jikki had a pleasant room where he could sit when not employed, and into this he led the six.

After all, he considered, it would not be a bad thing to have half a dozen servants; they would save his old legs from many a tiresome errand.

But just as they reached the hall a new thought struck him, and he turned suddenly upon his followers:

"See here!" he exclaimed. "How much wages do you fellows expect?"

"We expect no wages at all, sir," they answered.

"What! nothing at all!" Jikki was so startled that he scarcely had strength remaining to stagger into his private room and sink into a chair.

"No wages! Six servants, and no wages to pay!" he muttered. "Why, it's wonderful—marvelous—astounding!"

Then he thought to himself: "I'll try 'em, and see if they'll really work." And aloud he asked:

"How can I tell you apart—one from another?"

Each servant raised his right arm and pointed to a silver badge upon his left breast; and then Jikki discovered that they were all numbered, from "one" up to "six."

"Ah! very good!" said Jikki. "Now, number six, take this shoe into the boot-room, and clean and polish it."

Number six bowed and glided from the room as swiftly and silently as if he were obeying a command of the King of Noland.

"Number five," continued Jikki, "take this tray to the kitchen." Number five obeyed instantly, and Jikki chuckled with delight.

"Number two, take this to the milliner in Royal Street, and have the feathers curled."



"JIKKI HAD TO DESCEND THE STAIRS CAUTIOUSLY."

But no; the magic cloak conferred the fulfilment of but one wish upon its wearer, and the half a dozen servants remained standing rigidly before him.

Jikki arose with a sigh.

"Come downstairs to my private room," he said, "and we'll talk the matter over."

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"YOU WISHED FOR US, AND

Number two bowed and departed almost before the words had left Jikki's mouth; and then the king's valet regarded the remaining three in some perplexity.

"Half a dozen servants is almost too many," he thought. "It will keep me busy to keep them busy. I should have wished for only one—or two at the most."

Just then he remembered something.

"Number four," said he, "go after number two and tell the milliner that the hat belongs to Madam Rivette, the king's aunt."

And a few moments later, when the remaining two servants, standing upright before him, had begun to make him nervous, Jikki cried out:

"Number three, take this other shoe down to the boot-room and tell number six to clean and polish it also."

This left but one of the six unoccupied, and

Jikki was wondering what to do with him when a bell rang.

"That 's the king's bell," said Jikki.

"I am not the king's servant; I am here only to wait upon you," said number one, without moving to answer the bell.

"Then I must go myself," sighed the valet, and rushed away to obey the king's summons.

Scarcely had he disappeared when Tollydob, the lord high general, entered the room and said in a gruff voice:

"Where is Jikki? Where 's that rascal Jikki?"

Number one, standing stiffly at one end of the room, made no reply.

"Answer me, you scoundrel!" roared the old general. "Where 's Jikki?"

Still number one stood silent, and this so enraged old Tollydob that he raised his cane and aimed a furious blow at the young man. The cane seemed to pass directly through the fellow,



HERE WE ARE,' DECLARED THE SIX."

and it struck the wall behind so forcibly that it split into two parts.

This amazed Tollydob. He stared a moment at the silent servant, and then turned his back upon him and sat down in Jikki's chair. Here his eyes fell upon the magic cloak, which the king's valet had thrown down.

Tollydob, attracted by the gorgeous coloring and soft texture of the garment, picked up the cloak and threw it over his shoulders; and then he walked to a mirror and began admiring his reflection.

While thus engaged, Jikki returned, and the valet was so startled at seeing the lord high general that he never noticed the cloak at all.

"His Majesty has asked to see your Highness," said Jikki; "and I was about to go in search of you."

"I'll go to the king at once," answered Tollydob, and as he walked away Jikki suddenly

noticed that he was wearing the cloak. "Oho!" thought the valet, "he has gone off with the Princess Fluff's pretty cloak; but when he returns from the king's chamber I'll get it again and send number one to carry it to its rightful owner."

CHAPTER X.

THE COUNSELORS WEAR THE MAGIC CLOAK.

WHEN Tollydob, still wearing the magic cloak, had bowed before the king, Bud asked:

"How many men are there in the royal army, general?"

"Seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, may it please your gracious Majesty," returned Tollydob—"that is, without counting myself."

"And do they obey your orders promptly?" inquired Bud, who felt a little doubt on this point.

"Yes, indeed!" answered the general, proudly. "They are terribly afraid of my anger."

hat struck the ceiling and was jammed down tightly over the startled man's eyes and nose.



"I WISH I WERE TEN FEET HIGH."

"And yet you're a very small man to command so large an army," said the king.

The lord high general flushed with shame; for, although he was both old and fat, he was so short of stature that he stood but a trifle taller than Bud himself. And, like all short men, he was very sensitive about his height.

"I'm a terrible fighter, your Majesty," declared Tollydob, earnestly; "and when I'm on horseback my small size is little noticed. Nevertheless," he added, with a sigh, "it is a good thing to be tall. I wish I were ten feet high."

No sooner were the words spoken than Bud gave a cry of astonishment; for the general's head shot suddenly upward until his gorgeous

said Bud, still laughing at the big man's woeful face; "and it grants to every wearer the fulfillment of one wish."

"Only one?" inquired poor Tollydob. "I'd like to be a little smaller, I confess."

"It can't be helped now," said Bud. "You wished to be ten feet tall, and there you are! And there you'll have to stay, Tollydob, whether you like it or not. But I'm very proud of you. You must be the greatest general in all the world, you know!"

Tollydob brightened up at this, and tried to sit down in a chair: but it crushed to pieces under his weight; so he sighed and remained standing. Then he threw the magic cloak upon

The room was just ten feet high, and Tollydob was now ten feet tall; but for a time the old general could not think what had happened to him, and Bud, observing for the first time that Tollydob wore the magic cloak, began to shriek with laughter at the comical result of the old man's wish.

Hearing the king laugh, the general tore the hat from his head and looked at himself in mingled terror and admiration.

From being a very small man he had suddenly become a giant, and the change was so great that Tollydob might well be amazed.

"What has happened, your Majesty?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Why, don't you see, you were wearing my sister's magic cloak,"

the floor, with a little shudder at its fairy powers, and said:

"If I'd only known, I might have become just six feet tall instead of ten!"

"Never mind," said Bud, consolingly. "If we ever have a war, you will strike terror into the ranks of the enemy, and every one in Noland will admire you immensely. Hereafter you will be not only the lord high general, but the lord *very* high general."

So Tollydob went away to show himself to the chief counselor; and he had to stoop very low to pass through the doorway.

When Jikki saw the gigantic man coming out of the king's chamber, he gave a scream and

palace there was no one around to receive him. He made his way into the king's chamber, and there he found the magic cloak lying upon the floor.

"I've seen the Princess Fluff wearing this," thought the lord high executioner; "so it must belong to her. I'll take it to her rooms, for it is far too pretty to be lying around in this careless way, and Jikki ought to be scolded for allowing it."

So Tellydeb picked up the cloak and laid it over his arm; then he admired the bright hues that ran through the fabric, and presently his curiosity got the better of him; he decided to try it on and see how he would look in it.



"I WISH I COULD REACH THAT APPLE!" HE SAID, WITH A SIGH, AS HE EXTENDED HIS ARM UPWARD."

fled in terror; and, strange to say, this effect was very agreeable to the lord high general, who loved to make people fear him.

Bud ran to tell Fluff of the curious thing that had happened to his general; and so it was that when the lord high executioner entered the

While thus employed the sound of a girl's sweet laughter fell upon Tellydeb's ears, seeming to come from a far distance.

"The princess must be in the royal gardens," he said to himself. "I'll go there and find her." So the lord high executioner walked through

the great hall, still wearing the cloak, and finally came to the back of the palace and passed a doorway leading into the gardens. All was quiet here, save for the song of the birds as they fluttered among the trees; but at the other end of the garden Tellydeb caught a glimpse of a white gown, which he suspected might be that of the little princess.

He walked along the paths slowly, enjoying the scent of the flowers and the peacefulness of the scene; for the lord high executioner was a gentle-natured man and delighted in beautiful sights.

After a time he reached a fruit-orchard, and saw hanging far up in a big tree a fine red apple. Tellydeb paused and looked at this longingly.

"I wish I could reach that apple!" he said, with a sigh, as he extended his arm upward.

Instantly the arm stretched toward the apple, which was at least forty feet away from the lord high executioner; and while the astonished man eyed his elongated arm in surprise, the hand clutched the apple, plucked it, and drew it back to him; and there he stood—the apple in his hand, and his arm apparently the same as it had been before he accomplished the wonderful feat.

For a moment the counselor was overcome with fear. The cloak dropped unnoticed from his shoulders and fell upon the graveled walk, while Tellydeb sank upon a bench and shivered.

"It—it was like magic!" he murmured. "I but reached out my hand—so—it went nearly to the top of the tree, and—"

Here he gave a cry of wonder, for again his arm stretched the distance and touched the top-most branches of the tree. He drew it back hastily, and turned to see if any one had observed him. But this part of the garden was deserted, so the old man eagerly tested his new accomplishment.

He plucked a rose from a bush a dozen yards to the right, and having smelled its odor he placed it in a vase that stood twenty feet to his left. Then he noted a fountain far across a hedge, and reaching the distance easily, dipped his hand in the splashing water. It was all very amazing, this sudden power to reach a great distance, and the lord high executioner was so

pleased with the faculty that when he discovered old Jikki standing in the palace doorway, he laughingly fetched him a box on the ear that sent the valet scampering to his room in amazed terror.

Said Tellydeb to himself: "Now I'll go home and show my wife what a surprising gift I have acquired."

So he left the garden; and not long afterward old Tallydab, the lord high steward, came walking down the path, followed by his little dog Ruffles. I am not certain whether it was because his coat was so shaggy or his temper so uncertain that Tallydab's dog was named Ruffles; but the name fitted well both the looks and the disposition of the tiny animal. Nevertheless, the lord high steward was very fond of his dog, which followed him everywhere except to the king's council-chamber; and often the old man would tell Ruffles his troubles and worries, and talk to the dog just as one would to a person.

To-day, as they came slowly down the garden-walk, Tallydab noticed a splendid cloak lying upon the path.

"How very beautiful!" he exclaimed, as he stooped to pick it up. "I have never seen anything like this since the Princess Fluff first rode into Nole beside her brother the king. Is n't it a lovely cloak, Ruffles?"

The dog gave a subdued yelp and wagged his stubby tail.

"How do I look in it, Ruffles?" continued the lord high steward, wrapping the folds of the magic cloak about him; "how do I look in such gorgeous apparel?"

The dog stopped wagging its tail and looked up at its master earnestly.

"How do I look?" again said Tallydab. "I declare, I wish you could talk!"

"You look perfectly ridiculous," replied the dog, in a rather harsh voice.

The lord high steward jumped nearly three feet in the air, so startled was he by Ruffles's reply. Then he bent down, a hand on each knee, and regarded the dog curiously.

"I thought, at first, you had spoken!" said he.

"What caused you to change your mind?" asked Ruffles, peevishly. "I *did* speak—I am speaking. Can't you believe it?"



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"YOU LOOK PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS!" REPLIED THE DOG.

The lord high steward drew a deep sigh of conviction.

"I believe it!" he made answer. "I have always declared you were a wonderful dog, and now you prove I am right. Why, you are the only dog I ever heard of who could talk!"

"Except in fairy tales," said Ruffles, calmly. "Don't forget the fairy tales."

"I don't forget," replied Tallydab. "But this is n't a fairy tale, Ruffles. It's real life in the kingdom of Noland."

"To be sure," answered Ruffles. "But see here, my dear master: now that I am, at last, able to talk, please allow me to ask you for

my teeth on it, trying to crack it to get a little marrow. Whatever induces people to give their dogs bones instead of meat?"

"Why, I thought you liked bones!" protested Tallydab, sitting on the bench and looking at his dog in astonishment.

"Well, I don't. I prefer something to eat — something good and wholesome, such as you eat yourself," growled Ruffles.

The lord high steward gave a laugh.

"Why," said he, "don't you remember that old Mother Hubbard —"

"Ah! that *was* a fairy tale," interrupted Ruffles, impatiently. "And there was n't even a



"'WHY, I THOUGHT YOU LIKED BONES!' PROTESTED TALLYDAB, SITTING ON THE BENCH AND LOOKING AT HIS DOG IN ASTONISHMENT."

something decent to eat. I'd like a good meal for once, just to see what it is like."

"A good meal!" exclaimed the steward. "Why, my friend, don't I give you a big bone every day?"

"You do," said the dog; "and I nearly break

bone in her cupboard, after all. Don't mention Mother Hubbard to me, if you want to retain my friendship."

"And that reminds me," resumed the steward with a scowl, "that a few minutes ago you said I looked ridiculous in this lovely cloak."

"You do!" said Ruffles, with a sniff. "It is a girl's cloak, and not fit for a wrinkled old man like you."

"I believe you are right," answered Tallydab, with a sigh; and he removed the cloak from his shoulders and hung it over the back of the garden seat. "In regard to the meat that you so

ple with bills for this thing or that, and the royal purse was very light indeed when Tillydib had at last managed to escape to the garden.

"If this keeps up," he reflected, "there will be no money left; and then I'm sure I don't know what will become of us all!"

The air was chilly. The old counselor shiv-



F. RICHARDSON

"I WISH THE ROYAL PURSE WOULD ALWAYS REMAIN FULL, NO MATTER HOW MUCH MONEY I DREW FROM IT!"

long for," he added, if you will follow me to the royal kitchen I will see that you have all you desire."

"Spoken like a good friend!" exclaimed the dog. "Let us go at once."

So they passed down the garden to the kitchen door, and the magic cloak, which had wrought such wonderful things that day, still remained neglectfully cast aside.

It was growing dusk when old Tillydib, the lord high purse-bearer, stole into the garden and sat upon the bench to smoke his pipe in peace. All the afternoon he had been worried by peo-

ered a little, and noting the cloak that lay over the back of the seat, drew it about his shoulders.

"It will be five months," he muttered half aloud, "before we can tax the people for more money; and before five months are up the king and his counselors may all starve to death—even in this splendid palace! Heigh-ho! I wish the royal purse would always remain full, no matter how much money I drew from it!"

The big purse, which had lain lightly on his knee, now slid off and pulled heavily upon the golden chain which the old man wore around his neck to fasten the purse to him securely.

Aroused from his anxious thoughts, Tillydib lifted the purse to his lap again, and was astonished to feel its weight. He opened the clasp and saw that the huge sack was actually running over with gold pieces.

"Now, where on earth did all this wealth come from?" he exclaimed, shaking his head in a puzzled way. "I'll go at once and pay some of the creditors who are waiting for me."

So he ran to the royal treasury, which was a front room in the palace, and began paying every one who presented an account. He expected presently to empty the purse; but no matter how heavily he drew upon the contents, it remained ever as full as in the beginning.

"It must be," thought the old man, when the last bill had been paid, "that my idle wish has in some mysterious way been granted."

But he did not know he owed his good fortune to the magic cloak, which he still wore.

(To be continued.)

As he was leaving the room, he met the king and Princess Fluff, who were just come from dinner; and the girl exclaimed:

"Why, there is my cloak! Where did you get it, Tillydib?"

"I found it in the garden," answered the lord high purse-bearer; "but take it, if it is yours. And here is something to repay you for the loan of it"; and he poured into her hands a heap of glittering gold.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Fluff; and taking the precious cloak she dropped the gold into it and carried it to her room.

"I'll never lend it again unless it is really necessary," she said to herself. "It was very careless of Aunt Rivette to leave my fairy cloak in the garden."

And then after carefully folding it and wrapping it up she locked it in a drawer, and hid the key where no one but herself could find it.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ITALY.

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.



THE LITTLE PRINCESS MAFALDA.

THE young King Victor Emmanuel III has been a revelation to his people. Long before King Humbert was cruelly assassinated, reports were circulated that the heir to the throne was intellectually a weak man, a know-nothing; and it was common talk that he would never be allowed by the Italians to reign over them. The unexpected happened, as it so often does. King Humbert was murdered on the 29th of July, 1900. His son assumed his rights without the slightest hint of trouble, and he has

proved to be as intelligent, conscientious, and judicious a sovereign as United Italy has had.

The most attractive side of the King's character is that which is shown in his home life. He married the Princess Helena of Montenegro because he was charmed with the beauty and simplicity of her character. She was to him the ideal of all that was womanly and lovable.

I remember very well that October day when the marriage of the Prince of Naples and the Princess of Montenegro took place in the small church which adjoins one of the most beautiful fountains of Rome. The long procession of magnificent state carriages passed through the Via Nazionale, between crowds of people. This was but the beginning of a very happy life. The young couple traveled all over Europe. As both of them were fond of yachting, they leisurely visited a great many points which were easily reached by water, meeting on the

coast of Norway the Duke of Abruzzi when he returned from his trip in search of the North Pole in the ship *Polar Star*, or idling on the shores of Greece and by the lovely coasts of Asia Minor when it suited their pleasure. It was on one of these tours in the Mediterranean that the Prince of Naples met the vessel, bearing the Italian flag at half-mast, which came to announce to him the death of his father and to greet him as king. When the princess heard of the crime that made her queen, she went into her cabin and wept as if her heart would break.

Before the marriage of Victor Emmanuel, he had a yacht called the *Gaiola*. This, however, not affording sufficient comfort for ladies, he bought an English yacht, naming it *Yela*, the Montenegrin synonym for Helena. It was during the cruise on the *Yela* that they received the news of the assassination of King Humbert.

for the use of his Queen and himself. There are three handsome salons and a grand dining-room. The last-mentioned is on the deck, and contains,

besides the royal table, eight others, capable of seating one hundred and sixty persons. The walls and furniture are of solid oak. The King and Queen have each three spacious cabins on this beautiful yacht.

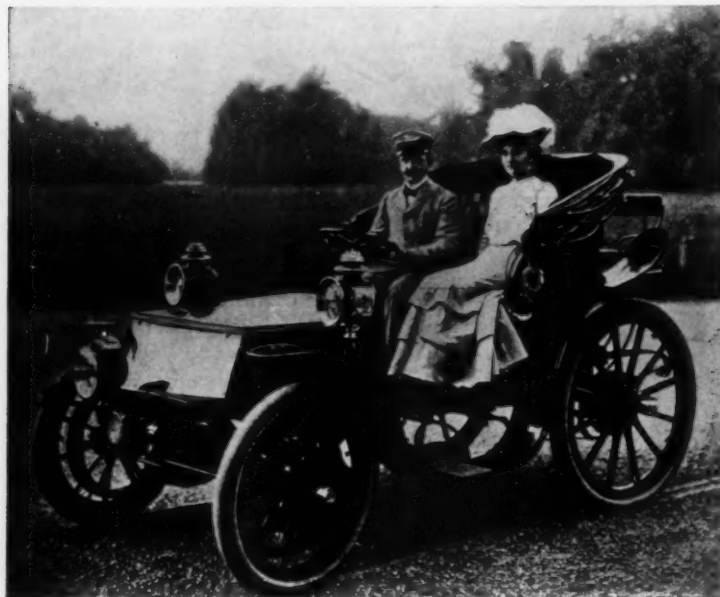
The chief diversion of Italy's sovereign at present is automobiling. It is not at all an unusual thing to meet him, with the Queen by his side, whizzing through the streets of Rome. On these occasions he looks very little like a king, being dressed in a manner suitable for such sport. When he

and the Queen are away in the summer, either at their home at Racconigi in Piedmont, which is a family residence of the princes of Savoy, or at the villa of San Rossore, near Pisa, they spend many hours in automobiles. The King

owns several varieties of these vehicles.

It was when he was trying a new one entirely alone with the Queen last summer that the machine got beyond his control, and the Queen's ankle was severely sprained. The King very humbly confessed that it was all his fault, and was devotion itself to her while she was obliged to stay indoors.

A portion of the Quirinal palace in Rome was set aside by the King for his "home," and he and the Queen furnished



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY IN ONE OF THEIR AUTOMOBILES.

Since he has been king, Victor Emmanuel has had a still larger vessel, the *Trinacria*, fitted up it in English style to suit their own taste. Here the public is not permitted to intrude. The

royal couple prefer to take their meals quietly with their children, without the presence of servants. Of course there are great state dinners, but these are given in the large dining-room in another part of the palace, and are served with much magnificence. These are not the times when the King and Queen have most pleasure. It is when they are alone, with their two little daughters and baby Prince Humbert, the new little heir to the throne, that they feel and enjoy the beauty of home life.

Both the daughters bear names of Savoyan princesses who lived long ago and were noble and courageous women. The first-born, Yolanda Margherita, is nearly four years of age. The second, called Mafalda (a name which is an old Italian form for Matilda), is now more than two years old. Little Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, was born September 15, 1904. Both the little princesses have sweet faces, dark eyes, and gentle expressions. When they drive out with their nurses, and the bugler of the King's guard at the bar-gentlemen take off their hats and ladies bow, racks toots loudly as they pass by.



THE QUEEN WITH PRINCESSES YOLANDA AND MAFALDA.



THE KING ON HIS WAY TO REVIEW THE TROOPS.



QUEEN HELENA OF ITALY.

The Princess Yolanda is a small democrat in her way. One evening, not long ago, she was waiting for her father and mother to come to

dinner. Her nurse asked her: "Whom would you like to have at dinner with you?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then said: "I should like to have papa sit there, and mama yonder. Brusati [the King's aide-de-camp] may sit by me, and on the other side I want Giovanni."

Now, Giovanni is the man who leads the donkey on which the Princess Yolanda takes occasional rides. She is extremely fond of him, and counts him one of her dearest friends. In her childish mind there was not the slightest reason why he should not sit at the King's table as well as any titled visitor.

Although the King and Queen are very simple in their tastes, they can be very stately. The King, in general's uniform, and the Queen, in satin and diamonds, are most imposing when they enter the gorgeous ball-room or preside at elaborate dinners.

But it is pleasant to know that, while they thus fulfil the official and social duties of their position, a manly, noble heart beats under the uniform of blue and gold; and that beneath the royal diadem of costly gems beams the clear eye of a faithful, affectionate wife and mother.



QUEEN HELENA AND THE DUCHESS OF ASCOLI RIDING IN STATE.

HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

FIFTH PAPER.

COMPARING VAN DYCK WITH FRANS HALS.

ANTHONY VAN DYCK (BORN 1599, DIED 1641);
FRANS HALS (BORN 1584?, DIED 1666).

WHEN the Emperor Charles V abdicated, in 1555, he allotted Austria and Germany to Ferdinand I, and Spain and the Netherlands to his son Philip II. The rule of Spain was in one way beneficial to the Netherlands or Low Countries (Holland and Belgium), since it opened to them the trade with the New World and the West Indies. Antwerp rose to greatness. "No city except Paris," says Mr. Motley, "surpassed it in population or in commercial splendour. The city itself was the most beautiful in Europe. Placed upon a plain along the bank of the Scheldt, shaped like a bent bow with the river for its string, it enclosed within its walls some of the most splendid edifices in Christendom. The stately Exchange, where five thousand merchants daily congregated, and many other famous buildings were all establishments which it would have been difficult to rival in any other part of the globe."

Such it was before the "Spanish Fury," when the Duke of Alba arrived with ten thousand Spanish veterans for the purpose of stamping out the Reformed faith. Then the people rose under William the Silent, and the war for independence was begun. In 1579, by an agreement at Utrecht, the seven northern provinces united for mutual defense. Antwerp, however, though not in the League of United Provinces, became a focus point of the struggle, and in 1585 capitulated to the Duke of Parma.

Thirty-one years later the English ambassador paid a visit to the place, and wrote home to a friend: "This great city is a great desert, for in the whole time we spent there I could never sett my eyes in the whole length of the

streete uppon 40 persons at once; I never mett coach nor saw man on horseback; none of our own companie (though both were worke dayes) saw one pennieworth of ware either in shops or in streetes bought or solde. Two walking pedlars and one ballad seller will carry as much on their backs at once, as was in that royall exchange either above or below."

When Philip II died, in 1598, Spain was exhausted almost to prostration, and his successor was glad to conclude an armistice of twelve years with the United Provinces. But at its conclusion war was resumed, and it was not until 1648 that, by the peace of Westphalia, the independence of Holland was finally assured.

Meanwhile, during those seventy years of conflict, in which a new nation was in the forming, a new art had been born. While the country was fighting for its liberties a number of painters came to manhood whose work was of such originality as to constitute a new school of painting: "the last," as Fromentin says, "of the great schools."

Across the Scheldt, in Antwerp, Rubens was in the prime of his powers (among his retinue of pupils was Van Dyck); but though his fame must have crossed to the Dutch, his influence did not. That people, stubborn against foreign domination, was stubbornly fashioning a kind of art of its own. Bent upon independence, its artists, too, were independent of Rubens, of the great Italian traditions, of everything but what concerned themselves. A nation of burghers, busy with war and commerce, they developed out of their own lives, their love of country, and their pride in themselves, a new art.

In one word, it was an art of portraiture. It began with the painting of portraits, and then proceeded to the painting of landscapes and of

the outdoor and indoor occupations of the people, and to the painting of still life—all with such simple intention to represent the thing as they saw it, and with such fidelity to the truth,

There is a story related by Houbraken, which may or may not be true, that Van Dyck, passing through Haarlem, where Hals lived,* sent a messenger to seek him out and tell him that



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN." BY FRANS HALS.

that the whole range of their subjects may be classed as portraiture. Instead of being grand, it was intimate and sincere.

The first of the great men was Frans Hals, whom we are here comparing with Van Dyck.

a stranger wished to see him, and on Hals putting in an appearance asked him to paint his portrait, adding, however, that he had only two hours to spare for the sitting. Hals finished the portrait in that time, whereupon his sitter,

* Hals was born in Antwerp, whither his family moved for a time in consequence of the war. They seem to have returned to Haarlem about 1607.

observing that it seemed an easy matter to paint a portrait, requested that he be allowed to try to paint the artist. Hals soon recognized that his visitor was well skilled in the one might see what Frans Hals, accustomed to the heavier type of the Dutch burghers, made of the delicately refined features of Van Dyck, and how the latter, who always gave an air of



"PORTRAIT OF MARIE LOUISE VON TASSIS." BY VAN DYCK.

materials he was using. Great, however, was his surprise when he beheld the performance. He immediately embraced the stranger, at the same time crying out: "You are Van Dyck! No one but he could do what you have just now done!"

Assuming the story to be true, how interesting it would be if the two portraits existed, that

aristocratic elegance to his portraits, acquitted himself with the bluff, jovial Hals, who was as much at home in a tavern as in a studio. For no two men could be more different, both in their points of view and in their methods, though they were alike in this one particular—that each was a most facile and skilful painter.

Let us turn to the two portraits which are very characteristic examples of these two masters. First of all, notice the hands. We have learned, in an earlier article, that hands are very expressive of character. In good portraits there is always a oneness of feeling and character between the hands and the head. Hals was a master in this respect. There is also an absolute oneness in the expression of the hand and that of the face in the Van Dyck, even to the curl of the forefinger, which echoes the curious, slanting glance of the eyes.

But we know that it was Van Dyck's habit to make a rapid study of his sitters in black and white chalk upon gray paper, and to hand it to his assistants for them to paint the figure in its clothes, which were sent to the studio for that purpose, after which he retouched their work and painted in the head and hands; so we feel a suspicion that Van Dyck may have been as much interested in illustrating his own ideas of elegance and refinement as in reproducing the actual characteristics of his sitters.

We hardly feel this in the "Portrait of a Woman" by Hals. Of the fact that the woman looked in the flesh just as he has represented her on the canvas we are as sure as if we had looked over his shoulder and watched her grow beneath his brush. He has put in nothing but what he saw, and left out nothing that could complete the lifelike truth of the picture.

Looking at the "Portrait of Marie Louise von Tassis" by Van Dyck we cease to wonder if Marie Louise were really like this. Her portrait is merely an exquisitely beautiful picture. And then again we turn to the Hals, and again we have forgotten that it is a portrait. It is a woman that we face—a stout, wholesome Dutchwoman, whose husband had a hand in the shaping of the new republic, who was the mother of sons who fought in the long struggle for freedom. Those hands!—one loves them; strong, coarse hands that have done their share in the work of life, now folded so unaffectedly in the calm and peace of living which right well-doing has won. When you look at them, and, still more, when you read their fuller story in that high, broad forehead, with the strong, big skull beneath it, indicating steadiness of purpose; in the wide-apart

eyes; in that resolute nose with its lines of energy; and in the firm, kindly, wise mouth, you realize how it was that Holland, having by its energy and patience set a barrier to the ocean, could keep at bay the power of Spain, and achieve for itself, after long waiting, liberty of life and thought.

This portrait, while serving as a record of a woman who actually lived, is more than that: it is a type of the race to which she belonged. It is a type, too, of the whole school of Dutch painting—and, moreover, such a marvel of painting!

The Dutchmen of the seventeenth century, having abandoned the large field of decorative composition, settled down in the small space of their canvases to a perfection of craftsmanship that has never been surpassed in modern art. From the standpoint of pure painting, they formed a school of great painters; differing among themselves, but alike in being consummate masters of the brush.

Hals set his figures in clear light, so that the modeling is not accomplished by shadows, but by the degree of light which each surface of the flesh or costume reflects. In this respect he worked like Velasquez, but in a broader way. He distributed the lights and painted in the colors in great masses, each mass containing its exact quantity of light; and so great was his skill in the rendering of values, that he could make a flat tone give the suggestion of modeling. Thus, in the uninterrupted, flat white tone of this woman's ruff we scarcely note the absence of lines indicating the folds of muslin.

Compare the treatment of the ruff in Van Dyck's portrait—indeed, the explicit way in which the whole of the elaborate costume is rendered. Nothing is left to suggestion: everything is told with painstaking fidelity. The contrast of the Hals portrait offers an instructive example of what painters mean by the word "breadth," and a lesson, also, in the effect of breadth on our imagination; for we get from the broad simplicity of this portrait a strong invigoration, from the other a pleasant fascination. Yet, while we miss the breadth in the Van Dyck, do not let us overlook the freedom with which it is painted, so that there is nothing small or niggling in all these details; they are

drawn together, like the drops of water of a fountain, into one splendid burst of elegance.

In the Van Dyck, however, the character of the woman is considerably smothered. Perhaps it was the case that she herself had little character—that she was simply a fine lady of fashion; or it may be that that aspect of her was the only one that interested the artist. He seems to have been particularly impressed with her eyes, which indicate at least a trait of character; and in a very subtle way he has made the attitude of the figure and the gesture of the hands and head correspond to it. So, in a limited way, the picture is representative of a type.

Hals, on the other hand, never fixed upon any particular trait or feature. He broadly surveyed all the externals of his sitter, and represented them as a whole; and with such clear seeing that, although he never penetrated into the mind of his subject, as we shall find Rembrandt did, he got at its heart, and in his straightforward characterization of what he saw, suggested that character lay beneath it.

In this respect his work is very like the man himself. He must have had fine qualities of mind, else how could he have seen things so simply and completely, and rendered them with such force and expression, inventing for the purpose a method of his own, which, as we have seen, was distinguished by placing his subject in the clear light and by working largely in flat tones? To get at the essential facts of a subject and to set them forth rapidly and precisely, so that all may understand them, represents great mental power, and places Hals in the front rank of painters. Yet, as a man, he allowed himself to appear to the world an idle fellow, overgiven to jollification, and so shiftless that in his old age he was dependent upon the city government for support. That he received it, however, and that his creditors were lenient with him seem to show that his contemporaries recognized a greatness behind his intemperance and improvidence; and when, in his eighty-second year, he died, he was buried

beneath the choir of the Church of St. Bavon in Haarlem.

In great contrast to Hals's mode of living was Van Dyck's. He was early accustomed to Rubens's sumptuous establishment, and when he visited Italy, with letters of introduction from his master, he lived in the palaces of his patrons, himself adopting such an elegant ostentation that he was spoken of as "the cavalier painter." After his return to Antwerp his patrons belonged to the rich and noble class, and his own style of living was modeled on theirs; so that when at length, in 1632, he received the appointment of court painter to Charles I of England, he maintained an almost princely establishment, and his house at Blackfriars was the resort of fashion. The last two years of his life were spent in traveling on the Continent with his young wife, the daughter of Lord Gowry, Lord Ruthven's son. His health, however, had been broken by excess of work, and he returned to London to die. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

He painted, in his younger days, many altar-pieces, "full of a touching religious feeling and enthusiasm"; but his fame rests mainly upon his portraits. In these he invented a style of elegance and refinement which became a model for the artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, corresponding, as it did, with the genteel luxuriousness of the court life of the period.

On the other hand, during the later century, Hals was thought little of, even in Holland, whose artists forsook the traditions of their own school and went astray after the Italian "grand" style. It was not until well on in the nineteenth century that artists, returning to the truth of nature, discovered that Hals had been one of the greatest seers of the truth and one of its most skilful interpreters. Now he is honored for these qualities, and also because, out of all the Dutch pictures of the seventeenth century now so much admired, his are the most characteristic of the Dutch race and of Dutch art.



PINKEY PERKINS

"JUST A BOY"

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

II. HOW PINKEY GOT EVEN.

PINKEY PERKINS'S heart was full of bitterness. He was the most ill-treated boy in school, and he knew it. Just because he had been caught reading "Deadwood Dick's Dig-gings" behind his geography he had been kept in after school. It was Friday afternoon, and, instead of getting out early, here he was, kept back to be punished.

"Sig" Clemens had lent Pinkey this blood-curdling tale during the noon hour, and with businesslike method he had exacted Pinkey's favorite agate "taw" for security, pending the safe return of the story.

Deadwood Dick had just rescued, single-handed, the beautiful heroine from an awful death at the hands of her redskin captors. Pinkey was lost in admiration of the wonderful prowess of this daring "King of the Plains."

Miss Vance, the angular, red-haired teacher, popularly known as "Red Feather," had noticed Pinkey's unusual application to his geography, and had casually sauntered around the room to investigate the cause.

Suddenly, at his very elbow, Pinkey was startled by the word "Pinkerton!" Pinkerton was the name his teacher called him, and the one by which his father generally addressed him previous to an interview in the woodshed.

Pinkey jumped as if he had been shot. So absorbed was he in Deadwood Dick's marvelous bravery, and so oblivious was he to all around him, that he thought the "unerring rifle

had again spoken," and that he, Pinkey, had "bitten the dust."

Ruthlessly was the "nickel library" torn from him and destroyed before his very eyes. He knew he would never get his taw back—he



"SUDDENLY, AT HIS VERY ELBOW, PINKEY WAS STARTLED BY THE WORD 'PINKERTON!'"

had no big brother, and Sig was too big for him to "lick."

Twice before, during that week, Pinkey had been kept in and compelled to write "incom-

prehensibility" one hundred times on his slate as punishment. This afternoon, shortly before dismissal time, he cleaned off his slate. Taking his speller from his desk, and placing it in front of him to allay suspicion, he began to write. Forty times did he write "incomprehensibility" with neatness and precision, until he had covered two sides of his double slate.

Surely this was taking time by the forelock.

Bunny Morris, who was suspected of being implicated in the "hooking" of two confiscated apples from the teacher's desk during recess, had also been kept in, with the hope that he might turn State's evidence. With not a little pride, Pinkey had held up his slate, showing Bunny the forty long words on the inside of it, and had held up both hands, fingers widely spread, four times, to convey the number written.

School was dismissed, and the two companions in bondage sat waiting to be sentenced — to be told how many "incomprehensibilities" their latest misdeeds were to cost them. Pinkey was meek and sober outside, but inside he was gloating over his provident foresight. Bunny was envious, and even had ideas of "peaching," were he not fearful of the consequences.

"Pinkerton," said the teacher, "you may write, carefully and neatly, on your slate, one hundred times, and bring to me for inspection, the words 'House of Representatives.'"

For a moment Pinkey was stunned. He could not believe fate had been so unkind. Nothing could compare with this indignity. Inside Pinkey instantly became a seething volcano. He looked at Bunny, and Bunny tittered behind his hand. He resolved then and there to "fix" him as soon as he got a chance.

What was there to do? Nothing. He could only curb his anger and hope for a time when he could get even with Red Feather.

Sullenly he erased his neatly written but now useless words. Sullenly he wrote "House of Representatives" until he wished — oh, how he wished! — he could fight somebody, something, anybody, anything! His anger boiled as he wrote, and his hatred of Red Feather almost choked him.

Outside he could hear the "choosing up" for the base-ball game; and there he was, compelled

to sit and write, fairly bursting with the insults that had been heaped upon him.

Long before he had completed his task, Bunny had departed, leaving him scratching



"RUTHLESSLY WAS THE 'NICKEL LIBRARY' TORN FROM HIM AND DESTROYED BEFORE HIS VERY EYES."

away. After ample time for reflection, while picking up from the floor a chalk-boxful of fine paper scraps, Bunny had still stoutly declared his innocence, and Miss Vance, seeing that nothing of value could be coaxed or threatened out of him, had allowed him to depart. The game outside had ended, and nothing but the ticking of the clock and Pinkey's energetic pencil broke the absolute silence.

Surely he must find some outlet for the rage that was consuming him, or he would burst. He tried letting it run off the point of his pencil by making a hideous, squeaking noise as he wrote.

"Pinkerton," said Miss Vance, without raising her eyes as she sat writing at her desk — "Pinkerton, every time you make your pencil squeak, you will have to write your text twenty times in addition."

"Can't help squeakin' it," muttered Pinkey under his breath, but loud enough to be heard.

"That will do; you *must* help it," replied the teacher, still not raising her eyes from her work.

The calm, unruffled voice only acted as a stimulant for his anger, but there was no way to turn. He must submit.

Suddenly, when he had about finished, and entirely without intention on his part, his pencil gave forth one of those high-keyed shrieks that rattle the teeth and chill the marrow in the bones. "Pinkerton," said the monster behind the desk, "you may write your text forty times in addition."

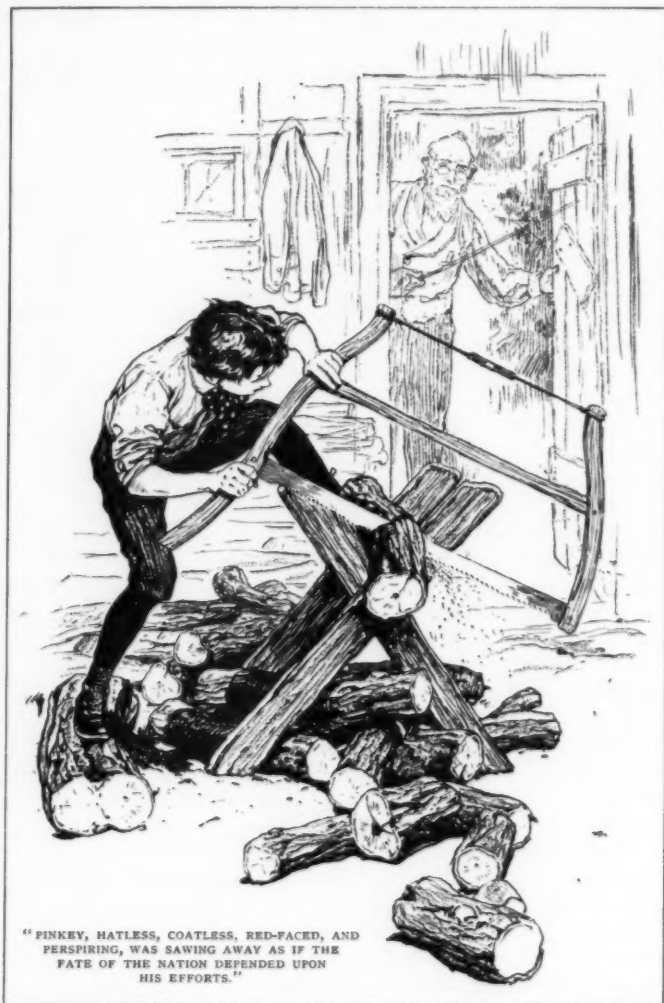
The camel's back was broken. Pinkey slammed his slate on his desk and rushed madly for the door. Miss Vance, being taken unawares, was unable to stop him, and he gained the exit by a small margin and rushed hatless from the school-house. He heard Red Feather's voice calling after him: "Pinkerton! Pinkerton Perkins! come back here this minute! Pinkerton, do you hear me? Come back, I say!"

When he reached the next corner turn-stile, he stopped running and stood still long enough to—I am ashamed to say it—turn around and shake his fist at the tall figure in the doorway.

He now set out for the open lot behind the tannery, hoping not to be too late to keep an appointment to "fight out" a bumblebees' nest there. The place was deserted. Several dead bees, three broken shingle paddles, and a crooked stick told him of the excitement he had missed.

Now that Pinkey had had time partly to cool off, he began to figure on his future movements to make them net him the least results.

One thing was sure. Red Feather would go to his mother and tell her the whole story—her side of it, of course. This he resolved to prevent, if possible. By approaching the school-house and keeping under cover, he discovered that the door was still open. He was not too late.



"PINKEY, HATLESS, COATLESS, RED-FACED, AND PERSPIRING, WAS SAWING AWAY AS IF THE FATE OF THE NATION DEPENDED UPON HIS EFFORTS."

Crossing the street to the churchyard, he made a short cut to the street his teacher would take to his home. He was sorely tempted to stop and join in a game of "keeps" which two of his friends were playing in the road. But he

had more important business than marbles on hand just then; and, besides, he had no taw.

"Where 's your hat, Pinkey?" called Joe Cooper from the road.

"None o' your business! Guess a feller can go without a hat if he wants to, can't he?"

When he reached the next corner he turned in the direction of his home. After looking all about him, he drew from his pocket a stick of blackboard crayon and, stooping down, wrote in bold letters on the sidewalk, "If you tell my father, you will wish you had n't." A little farther on he wrote, "Tattle-tale," and again, "You will be sorry if you tell on me."

Then, by a circuitous route, he reached home the back way. Climbing the barn-yard fence, he went to the woodshed and did something he had never been known to do before — voluntarily began sawing wood! His mother heard the feverish sawing, and, on looking out of her window, she saw to her astonishment that it was Pinkey. There he was, hatless, coatless, sleeves rolled up, one foot on a big stick of wood to enable him to get the other on the piece he was sawing.

Something was up — she did not know what, but something unusual. Such voluntary bursts of energy on Pinkey's part were always omens of trouble.

For nearly an hour Pinkey sawed constantly and faithfully. His mother did not attempt to find out the reason. That would appear in time. While she sat sewing and reflecting on this unusual performance of Pinkey's, the door-bell rang, and a moment later Miss Vance was shown in. In her hand she held Pinkey's hat as evidence of his hasty departure.

"Mrs. Perkins," she launched forth, "I've come to tell you about Pinkerton." With this introduction, she gave a recital of all the details she had come to tell. She told how she had caught him reading a "piece of highly sensational literature" during study hours; how she had kept him in and had given him a text to write one hundred times as punishment; how he had "persisted in repeatedly scratching his slate so that his pencil would give forth a loud, disagreeable, squeaky noise," until, finally, she had ordered him to write his text forty times in addition, "whereupon, without reason or per-

mission, he jumped from his desk and ran bare-headed from the school-house. On reaching the gate," she concluded, "he turned and made a threatening gesture at me with his fist, and I have not laid eyes on him since."

Mrs. Perkins listened patiently, making few comments. She apologized to Miss Vance because her son had done such a thing, and asserted that Pinkerton was not a bad boy, but hard to govern at times, being a little headstrong.

Just as Miss Vance was on the point of leaving, Mr. Perkins came home, and for his benefit she repeated the story, adding a few details omitted from her former recital.

Mr. Perkins quietly promised he would "settle with the young man," and the teacher departed. On being told that Pinkey was in the woodshed, the thought flashed through his mind that Pinkey had been very considerate to go there and wait. He had heard sawing going on, but had not connected Pinkey with it in any way, so he was not prepared for the sight that met his eyes. Apparently oblivious to all about him, intent on a large stick of hard wood, was Pinkey, hatless, coatless, red-faced, and perspiring. He was sawing away as if the fate of the nation depended upon his efforts.

But Pinkey knew just when his father left the house, and the purpose for which he left it. It was not the fate of the nation that concerned Pinkey. It was his own.

"Pinkerton!"

That settled it. His wood-sawing had all been for naught. That word had just the right inflection and emphasis to shatter all his hopes.

Pinkey started and looked up with feigned surprise at seeing his father at the door.

"Pinkerton, did you read a 'five-cent library' in school to-day behind your geography?" demanded the father.

"Part o' one," replied Pinkey.

"Where did you get it?"

"Sig Clemens."

"What did you give for it?"

"Gave him my taw to keep till I give the story back."

"Did you make your pencil squeak to annoy the teacher when you were kept in?"

"Some," replied the laconic Pinkey.

"Why did you run out of the school-house?"

"Could n't help squeakin' it the last time," declared Pinkey.

"Did you squeak it on purpose after she told you not to?"

"No, sir," asserted Pinkey, emphatically.

Mr. Perkins knew that Pinkey, though a mischievous boy, could always be depended upon to tell the truth.

"Why did n't you go back when she called after you?"

"Knew she 'd whip me if I did."

"Did n't you know you would be found out and would be whipped at home?"

"Did n't think o' that."

"Tell me all that happened this afternoon in school after your teacher found you reading the story."

Pinkey imagined he detected a favorable tone in his father's voice, and decided that he could not suffer from presenting his side of the case "good and strong." So, mopping his brow with the back of his wrist, he told of pawning his taw for the story. Sig had said it was a good story, and that if it was anybody else but Pinkey he would not lend it at all. He told his father how the teacher had torn it up and put it in the waste-basket without asking whose it was, and of his being kept in after school. Without seeing the humorous side of it, he told of writing the word "incomprehensibility" forty times so he could get out sooner, and how he had been told to write "House of Representatives" one hundred times.

And, last of all, when he had stopped squeaking his pencil, it had squeaked accidentally on nearly the last word. When he was told to write his text forty times more for something that he could not help, he could not bear it any longer, so he "just got up and ran."

He did not mention the writing on the sidewalk, since his father had not. Poor Pinkey! he did not know that Miss Vance had gone out of her usual path on her way home, and so had failed to see any of his terrifying messages.

Could Pinkey have seen the smile that flitted across his father's face as he finished his tale, he would have known that his punishment had, at least, been commuted. But he had begun to arrange the wood he had sawed in a neat, corded pile, and did not see it.

"Who told you to saw wood this afternoon?" asked the father.

"Nobody," answered Pinkey; "just felt like sawin'."

His father stood for a minute, silently regarding the energetic figure piling and arranging the wood; then, without a word, turned and walked toward the house.

Pinkey had won out, and he knew it.

Instantly he lost all interest in the work that a moment before had been so absorbing. Sawing and piling wood, instead of being a delightful and voluntary occupation, became unbearable drudgery. His back began to ache. His arms were tired. He was convinced that, with proper economy, there was plenty of wood to last over Sunday. But though Pinkey had lost his valor, he had not lost his discretion. He felt that his exertion had done not a little toward getting him off without a whipping, so he busied himself at the woodshed, sawing a little to keep up appearances, until he was called in to supper.

Ever since he came home, Pinkey had been trying to evolve a scheme to get even with Red Feather. Even though he had escaped a part of the punishment he had expected, he knew there was trouble awaiting him on Monday morning at school. He could expect no forgetfulness or forgiveness from that quarter.

At supper, Pinkey was unusually silent and uncommunicative. He did not volunteer any further information regarding the afternoon's proceedings; and as his father did not probe further into the matter, he felt that the incident was closed on the paternal side. But a war cloud still hung over the school-house.

That night Pinkey lay awake long after the house was quiet, pondering over many ways of getting even. Scheme after scheme suggested itself, but each was discarded as unsatisfactory.

"If I could only hook her ruler," thought he, "and keep it till she promised not to lick anybody for a month." But that was out of the question. He thought of tying a string across the walk where she would trip over it. This scheme was passed as being dangerous. Pinkey did not thirst for bodily injury now.

Suddenly he thought of the new mouse-trap baited and set in the store-room. His father

had brought it home only two days before, but it had already caught three mice, which Pinkey



"TO CLIMB IN AND EMPTY HIS BOX IN THE TEACHER'S LITTLE HINGE-TOP DESK WAS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT."

had drowned. He resolved, if any more were caught in the next two days, to transfer them to a cigar-box, steal into the school-house on Sunday, release them in the teacher's desk, and await developments Monday morning.

By Sunday he had accumulated four mice in his cigar-box, and had hidden them in the barn. He fed them to keep them alive and active.

After supper he quietly absented himself from the house. Securing his box, he took a round-about way to the school-house. In the gathering twilight, he approached the building, and after one look around, to make sure no one was in sight, he set his box on the window-ledge, climbed up, and opened the window. To climb in and empty his box in the teacher's little hinge-top desk was but the work of a moment, and before his absence from home had been noticed he had returned.

So far his plans had worked admirably.

Monday morning came, and as Pinkey entered the school-house yard his feelings were those of suspense mixed with many misgivings for the success of his mischievous scheme.

The bell rang; the pupils entered and took their seats. As soon as the opening exercises were over, Miss Vance announced that one of the pupils had been guilty of scandalous conduct on Friday last, and that she was unable to overlook such a misdemeanor.

"Pinkerton Perkins," said she, in her severest tone, "come this way."

Pinkey shuffled reluctantly to the front.

"Pinkerton, I want you to apologize before the whole school for your conduct last Friday afternoon," commanded Red Feather.

"Did n't do nothing to apologize for," returned Pinkey.

"I want you to say you are sorry for your actions."

"Ain't sorry for nothing."

"Pinkerton, unless you say you are sorry for what you did, I shall have to chastise you."

Pinkey stood mute. He was only hoping that by some lucky chance that lid would be raised before he had his punishment.

"Pinkerton, are you going to say you are sorry?" This in Miss Vance's sternest manner.



"SHE RAISED THE LID OF THE DESK, WHEN—!"

No answer from her obstinate pupil.

"Give me your hand!" she said finally.

Pinkey's only move was to put both hands behind him in the hope of gaining time.

Miss Vance generally punished her pupils by whipping them on the palm of the hand with a hard-wood ruler. Without further ado, she grasped Pinkey by the wrist and half dragged, half led him to her desk, where she kept her ruler.

Fate was with Pinkey this time. The ruler was not there. It was evidently inside.

Still grasping the unwilling wrist, she raised the lid of the desk, when—! A shrill, piercing shriek rent the air, and in frantic excitement Red Feather mounted her desk chair and again gave forth a yet louder scream as one of the mice struggled to disengage itself from the folds of her skirt, where it had blindly jumped the instant it escaped from the desk.

Immediately the school was in a turmoil: girls standing on their seats, some screaming, some crying; and a dozen boys chasing four frightened mice from platform to corner. Bunny Morris yelled, "Git the broom!" and half a dozen boys rushed madly for the closet door. But Pinkey had anticipated them and secured the broom. He succeeded in knocking two boys sprawling in his efforts to reach a mouse. He finally succeeded in killing one of the mice with his broom. One escaped by a hole under the platform, and two reached the closet and disappeared.

To get order out of such chaos was impossible. Miss Vance was nearly prostrated by her fright and by her embarrassment for the weak-

ness she had displayed in not setting a better example for the school.

It was difficult to continue school after such a disturbance. She herself was unnerved, and all the girls were scared beyond possibility of study. The boys showed no signs of settling down.

There was nothing to do but dismiss school



"IMMEDIATELY THE SCHOOL WAS IN A TURMOIL."

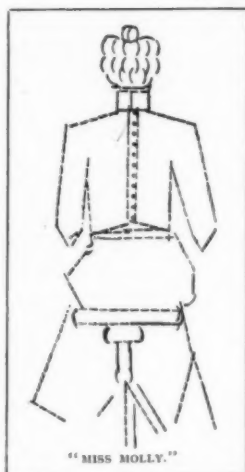
and give an extra recess of fifteen minutes, to allow the excitement to wear off.

How the mice got into the desk was never investigated. Pinkey's apology was never made, nor was his delayed punishment ever administered. The two subjects were too intimately associated with that of mice to be referred to again.

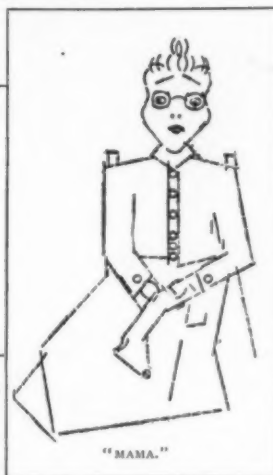
THE TYPEWRITER FAMILY.

(With illustrations made on a typewriter by Nanita MacDonell.)

By L. H. HAMMOND.

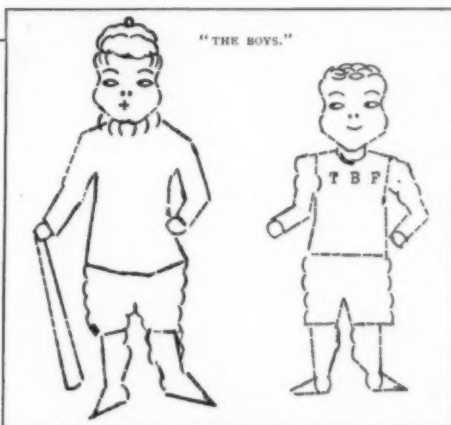


MISS MOLLY TYPEWRITER sits at her desk
From morning till afternoon,
While her baby sister remains at home
And plays with her spools and spoon.



Papa adds figures in dizzy rows
Beneath an electric light;
And mama darns stockings at heels
and toes—
A truly appalling sight!

For the Typewriter boys are athletes both,
And famous with bat and ball;
And a fellow can't always think of his clothes,
Or wrestle and never fall.



These Typewriter people, one and all,
Are cheerful and busy too;
For they work and they play as hard
as they can—
As I hope that you also do!



THE RESERVE FUND.

BY BELLE MOSES.

A VERY unusual thing had happened in the Arnold family — Mrs. Arnold had gone away for a month's visit. One eventful morning she stepped into the buggy beside her husband, who was to drive her to the depot, and the three youthful Arnolds waved enthusiastic farewells as long as the carriage remained in sight; then Beatrice went slowly indoors, followed by the two boys. It is all very well to give the head of the family a jolly send-off, but the disturbed breakfast-table and the hastily pushed-back chairs were very depressing just at first.

Tom leaned against the mantel and whistled a particularly flat and doleful tune; Beatrice, with sad dignity, sank down into her mother's place behind the coffee-pot; and little Willie took advantage of the moment of natural regret to solace his soul with orange marmalade.

"Now, boys," said Beatrice, "we are going on just the same as usual, remember; it's perfectly splendid that mother was able to take the holiday, and I intend to keep things in such order here at home that father won't have a chance to miss her, if I can help it."

"Don't flatter yourself," said Tom, with brotherly candor; "for a day or two, maybe, you'll get on first-rate, and father'll bow and scrape and compliment, and write mother about the way Bee has taken hold—*dear girl!*—and the boys, bless 'em! are not a bit of trouble—"

"Mother and I made some very nice plans last night," said Beatrice; "of course, I'm to manage the house-money."

"Oh!" Tom groaned.

"And everything I save from the week's allowance is to be put aside as a reserve fund, and dropped in here for safe-keeping"; and Beatrice produced a little tin drum with a slit in the top.

Little Willie looked at the tin drum and shook his head.

"Tom's a dreadful tease," said his sister; "my reserve fund is for very pleasant things. Mother said that all we saved from the house-keeping would be due to our good management, and should be divided among us when she comes home—to spend in any way we like."

The boys grinned—"our good management" appealed to them. Clever Bee!

"I don't suppose," said Tom, reflecting, "that you could give a rough guess as to the size of that reserve fund. I don't like to start off with too big a notion about the reward; I'd like a kodak—"

"And I need a new pair of roller-skates dreadfully," declared little Willie.

Beatrice pulled a stray curl, and glanced at the brothers in a shamefaced way. "I suppose you'll think me silly," she began; "but there's a lovely little gold bracelet, with the sweetest little padlock and key, just like Kitty Browne's necklace, and I've set my heart on it—" She paused; there was an indulgent, charitable smile on the boyish faces. "Oh, well," she finished, "there may not be any reserve fund—there's no telling in this family. Tom!" her tone was now pitched in a business key, "mother left a check with me; please have it cashed at the bank; it will be much easier to calculate when I have the money in hand," and she gravely handed her brother the pink slip.

"Whew!" whistled Tom; "it's a lot!"

"Nonsense! You forget there are a good half-dozen of us, counting the servants, and it will be four weeks. I'm going to divide the money into four piles, and I think we'll come out nicely."

"But where's the reserve fund?" struck in Willie, airing the new words.

"Give it time—give it time; it's a thing which grows by what we feed on," laughed Tom, as he pocketed the check and went off.

"You ridiculous boy!" exclaimed Beatrice, later in the day, as Tom approached her, groaning under the weight of the bicycle-cap he carried with both hands. It was nearly full of pennies, five-cent pieces, silver coins, and a few gold pieces, and Tom poured them with a great flourish and rattle into his sister's lap.

"I thought of the reserve fund," he explained, "and the size of that opening in the little drum, so I brought you convenient change—don't you like it?"

"I don't know where to keep it," said Beatrice, wringing her hands.

"In a bag," suggested Tom; "it'll vanish soon enough; those little round things are slippery."

"Go away while I count it," commanded Bee, running her fingers through the pile. She was feeling for a twenty-five-cent piece, which she meant to drop as a beginning into the little drum; but she did not wish her brother's sharp eyes to find her out, so she slipped the coin in her pocket so quietly that he did not notice the movement. She poured the rest of the money into her leather housekeeping satchel, which she carried to her room; and when Tom's back was turned she ran downstairs to offer the first donation to the reserve fund. She did not even draw the savings-bank from its hiding-place behind the dining-room clock, but hurriedly dropped her quarter and went off to attend to some household matters. Then there was an hour's practising to be done, for Bee was conscientious, so it was nearly time to dress for dinner before she could find a leisure moment in which to arrange her finances.

She went to work behind her closed door, for she knew her inquisitive brothers would otherwise offer suggestions; but after a half-hour's earnest calculation she came out into the hall with trouble in her bright face, and ran against Tom, who had just flung one leg over the banister, preparatory to a rapid descent.

"Hello! What's up?" he asked, struck by her expression.

"Hush!" whispered Beatrice, cautiously; "come into my room and I'll tell you; I don't want Willie to hear, he's such a chatterbox."

Tom swung his leg back again, and followed his sister. "Well—what's the trouble?" he said.

"Tom, I've gone over the money carefully, and there are ten dollars missing."

"What!"

Beatrice nodded. "Yes, counting the quarter I slipped out for the reserve fund. I would n't have told you but for this; so we are really nine dollars and three quarters short."

"I don't see how you make it," cried Tom, excitedly. "Let *me* count; girls are no good at calculation, anyhow."

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders as Tom went to work, but the result was the same. Tom's face was as grave as her own when he had finished.

"I wish to goodness you had n't given me the job!" he growled, rumpling his hair in his perplexity. "But I counted it before I left the bank."

"I wish I had n't!" echoed Beatrice, dismally.

"Humph! I dare say *you* would n't have done it as well."

"Maybe not," said Bee, meekly, showing her crushed spirit.

Beatrice thought for a few moments; then she looked up with a brighter face.

"I could manage to make it even," she said, "by cutting down the expenses two dollars and a half a week. Four weeks would set us straight."

"But that's a long, penurious road to travel," objected Tom. "I say, Bee; let us live in plenty for three weeks, and skimp us all you want during the fourth—I'd rather have it in a lump. Then there's mother's coming home to look forward to; and, in the meantime, the reserve fund must be handsomely fed."

"Well, I won't worry for three weeks," Beatrice promised. And she kept her word, proving herself a most efficient housekeeper, and adding so often to the reserve fund from surplus stock that the little drum rattled louder and louder each day it was shaken.

It was wonderful what a center of interest that little drum became, and how many pennies found their way there—the result of sacrifices on the part of the boys. Willie reduced his daily supply of chocolate to semi-weekly purchases, and Tom denied himself many things dear to his heart, that his somewhat limited allowance might go to swell the fund; be-

sides, he felt morally responsible for that inevitable week of privation, and determined to stand by poor Bee and see her through. All efforts to trace the lost money had been fruitless, and they just had to make the best of it; so they held a final consultation as the fatal fourth week drew near.

"Can you do it?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Ye-es," said Beatrice, doubtfully. "I've been composing a sort of bill of fare which I'm

"Oh!" said Tom, with respectful awe. "Here's another item—potatoes; and another four days' investment. How will you relieve the monotony?"

"Boil them, cream them, bake them, fry them," returned Beatrice, with professional brevity. "You can't complain, Tom; you suggested one week of skimpiness—and—and—"

"Don't mention that ten-dollar gold piece," said Tom, shaking a threatening forefinger.



"A MINUTE LATER, THE CONTENTS LAY IN A HEAP ON THE TABLE."

going to follow as well as I can. If we don't eat over the margin, we may pull through."

"Let's see it."

Beatrice handed him a neatly written sheet of paper. "I'm going to tack that up as a guide, philosopher, and friend," she said, laughing.

"Roast beef," read Tom. "You've got that down for Sunday, Monday, Thursday, and Friday—same piece?"

Beatrice shook her head. "Two roasts—first day, hot; second day, cold; third day, minced; fourth day, soup"—she checked them off on her fingers with a very important air.

"Thursday and Friday will be rather 'scrappy,' I'm afraid. Mary suggests stews—"

"Look here," observed Tom, suspiciously; "have you told Mary anything?"

"Of course," said Bee; "one has to take the cook into one's confidence."

"What did you tell her?"—wrathfully.

"Oh, I said that—that as mother would be home on Saturday, and we wanted to have a big dinner, we would n't do too much cooking this week," and Beatrice burst into irresistible laughter at Tom's blank expression.

But it was a hard week, nevertheless, and

Bee had her hands full, arranging little odd dishes to cover the short rations and appease the honest appetites; but she did not labor in vain, for on that last Friday night her father gave her an approving pat with his good-night kiss:

"Well done, daughter dear. When mother comes home to-morrow, if the reserve fund is n't enough you may draw on me."

"Did you know about it, father?"

"I presented the tin drum to the enterprise," said Mr. Arnold, laughing.

All the next day passed in a fever of excitement. Mrs. Arnold was to arrive at dusk, and the young Arnolds made a restless trio while they waited, and appetizing whiffs were borne up from the kitchen, distracting at least two hungry souls.

"The fatted calf will be a rare treat," said Tom, complacently.

"It 's roast chicken," said Willie, smacking his lips. "Hooray! there she is!" and he darted out at the gate, running hatless down the street, as he caught sight of his mother.

"Well, and what about the reserve fund?" asked Mrs. Arnold, as they sat about the table after dessert, while the maid removed the plates.

Beatrice rose and brought the little tin drum.

"Feel it," she said proudly.

Mrs. Arnold shook it and smiled.

"Open it," suggested Mr. Arnold. "Will, run for a screw-driver; we'll have to batter the stronghold."

"Wait a minute," said honest Tom. "I feel as if I did n't deserve my share of the savings;

at any rate, I won't take as much as the others," and he told the whole story of the ten-dollar gold piece.

"Nonsense!" declared Beatrice. "Poor Tom has suffered enough, already; has n't he, mother?"

"I'll reserve my decision," said Mrs. Arnold. "Here, Tom, pry open that slit in the top."

A minute later, the contents lay in a heap on the table. Suddenly Beatrice gave a little shriek. She dived into the pile and held up to the astonished gaze of the family the ten-dollar gold piece! Then a rush of memory came over her, and at last she found her voice.

"I put it there myself!" she cried; "my very own self—on that first day when Tom brought up the money. I slipped it out, and dropped it in the drum without looking at it, thinking it was a quarter. I was so afraid the boys would see me, and I wanted to be the first to start the fund. Oh, dear! oh, dear! when I think of all we've gone through!" and Beatrice poured out her little tale of woe.

There was much laughing and kissing, and a final count of the savings, which had mounted to a respectable figure.

"I won't draw on you, father," said Beatrice, merrily. "We've more than enough for our needs."

"And I think I'll take my full share," said Tom, grinning. "The next time, Bee—"

"Oh, please let bygones be bygones!" said Beatrice. "Here comes Kitty Browne, with apple-blossoms on her hat. I'm going to tell her all about our reserve fund, and that now I can get the bracelet to match her necklace!"





OUTSIDE the wind was blowing wailingly about the little cabin, not harshly or loudly, but sobbingly, plaintively, like a child in trouble, and in the lulls the Malemutes took up the mournful cry, sending it out and over the frozen river to the ghostly banks on the other side, that returned it across the ice in a dying whisper. Outside the full moon shone over a world of whiteness. All unbroken lay the snow upon the Yukon, and the pines on the hills, like mute white hands, pointed above to a vault of gleaming stars. By and by the weeping wind, afraid of its own voice, perhaps, died away altogether, and the Malemutes, missing it, and growing tired, ended their wailing also. It was very still, with the stillness of intense cold, and every one in Fortymile was sleeping, for it was past midnight; every one with the exception of "Swedie."

Inside the little cabin a fire burned fiercely in the heater, and on the coonskin-covered couch beside it little Swedie sat with Viking, his Great Dane dog, and he talked to him in the tongue the boy loved, but alas! could use so seldom now, since his mother's death, and since he had started to go to school. It was at school that they had given him his name, half in fun, half in contempt. His real name was Eric Gustavus Kalmar, but no one except his father and the schoolmaster paid any attention to that. The school-children had dubbed Eric a bit of a coward, wherein they made a great mistake, though they are no wiser than many older people who cannot tell the difference between proud sensitiveness and silly, shrinking



timidity. Swedie had as brave a heart as any of the other little Yukon boys, but because they misjudged him he scorned to show them otherwise, and because he could only speak their language in a halting, nervous way he kept much to himself. If he had been at home in Norway with his own little people, he would have led them all in sport and in his classes as well. But here he felt himself an alien, almost an outcast; and it hurt him all the more because he hid the hurt beneath his proud little exterior, and carried his curly head high, even when the red mantled his cheek

in a cruelly hot flush at hearing the laughter at his many mistakes.

And now the rink had been opened, and of all the boys in Fortymile Swedie was the only one who had not been inside. Not because he could not skate,—for two years ago, in Norway, he had won a medal in the boys' contest,—but because his father had been very unfortunate in his mining ventures, and his mother's illness had swallowed up all the little capital, so that now every two-bit piece had to be saved. There was scarcely enough money to procure necessities, and Swedie was forced to go without his skates. Since his mother's death, a year ago, his father had earned a slender living by hunting. He was away just now, and that was why Swedie was awake and talking to Viking. He always worried when his father was absent, for the cold had affected his father's eyes, and he could not see as well as a hunter should see to be successful. But their wants were few, and Swedie baked the bread and did the washing,

so that they lived almost, if not quite, comfortably.

"No danger about the old river being unsafe in this weather, Viking," Swedie was saying sleepily, "and it is beautifully bright and clear, so father can see perfectly. He will come home with a sledful of venison and moose-meat and rabbits. We shall have a feast, you and father and I." He paused a moment, regarding the dog thoughtfully, who returned his gaze with affection, snuggling his great head closer to his little master. "I wonder if I could make a rabbit-pie?" Swedie laid lower down on the coonskin. "Mother used to make them finely, and always a little one for me." He started up suddenly; the fire was getting quiet. He jumped to the floor, and opening the stove, pushed in three great pieces of birch wood, then walked to the window, pushing back the blind.

"It is as light as day," he said to Viking, who had followed him. "My father will have no trouble whatever." He closed the draft in the stove, turned the damper, and climbing to the couch, hugged the dog's head against his side. "We shall sleep now," he said.

And while he slept soundly beside the glowing heater, a party of men from fifty miles below the town was coming in to Fortymile with news of one of the richest strikes in the Klondike. It was on White Elephant Creek, just where Swedie's father's claims were situated.

The little town went mad with the news the next day. The street was thronged with people hastily preparing to "stampede to the new diggings." On his way to school Swedie heard and understood.

"A whole mountain of gold!" the people said; "puts Eldorado and Gold Run in the shade completely."

In one of the store windows was a pile of rich red nuggets, in size from a pea to a hen's egg.

The little boys at school could talk of nothing else. They even forgot to make fun of Swedie, and the master himself was excited, hearing the lessons heedlessly and dismissing the boys a half-hour too soon. Even the rink was deserted, the lads running down-town to listen for stray bits of gossip, which they would repeat to one another, candidly exaggerating every detail,

until the nuggets increased in size to great boulders, and the moon shining on Elephant Mountain made the gold in it sparkle so that one's eyes were blinded to look at it.

As for Swedie, he and Viking lingered about the streets all day eager for news. The little boy was wildly happy. If it were true,—and it must be true,—it meant untold things for father, the dogs, and himself. They would get a warmer house, his father would have new gloves and a better coat, they would light the lamps all day, and they would go to Dawson to the theater at Christmas-time. And in the summer they would leave Fortymile and go home to Norway, with boxes of presents for the hundred little cousins and a bag of nuggets for grandmama, whose smile Swedie remembered as almost as sweet and very much like the tender, wistful smile on the face of the little mother asleep back there on the hill. Last of all,—at least Swedie put it last, though he could not quite help thinking of it first,—he would get a shining new pair of skates and race in the carnival at Dawson. He expected his father home late that night, and his heart thumped as he thought of telling him the glorious news.

That afternoon it grew suddenly milder, the sky became overcast and the snow fell. Swedie went home and made a pan of biscuits, which had enough happiness stirred into them to make them light as foam. He boiled potatoes and set the table to have everything in readiness when his father should return. He swept the little cabin, working with feverish eagerness, trying to make the time pass swiftly. At five o'clock he went out again. It was very dark and the snow was falling thickly. The air, to Swedie, felt almost warm. Down-town he read a thermometer: six degrees above zero. He was troubled. The river had only just frozen over; this might mean a change. Then, mingling with the groups of men and hearing more news of the strike, he forgot everything else for a while. Later, returning home past the police barracks, he heard two members of the Canadian mounted police talking.

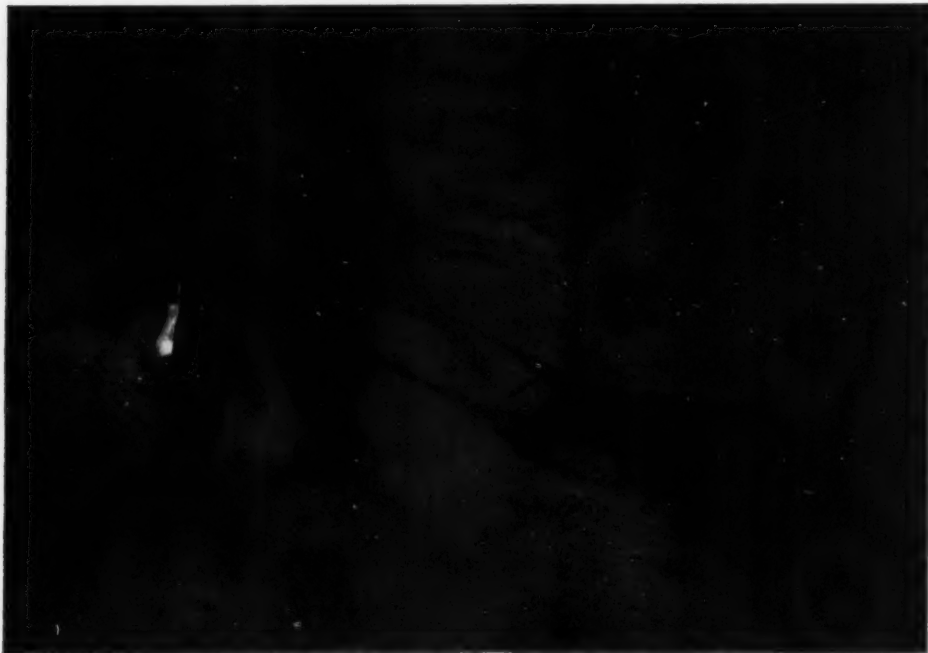
"The ice is breaking up fifteen miles above," one of them said disgustedly. "Lamont could not get through and will have to wait now till the weather changes again."

"It 's rough on the trappers," the other responded. "Some of them have claims on Elephant Creek, too, and to-morrow is the last day for registering these claims. If they are delayed—"

"The captain has ordered us to go up to Mellin's Peninsula at eight to-night. The break is around the curve and in a confoundedly bad place. In this pitchy blackness a man and his dogs might be in the water before they knew it.

Without a thought for his own safety, Swedie made up his mind, and in half an hour Viking was harnessed to the little sled and the two were speeding in the face of the storm away from the cabin and down the steep hill to the river.

Swedie had his lantern, but did not light it. His ride would last for several hours and the lantern held but little oil. In a way he was glad it was not colder, for his coat was none too



"FOR A LONG TIME THE BOY STUMBLED ABOUT IN THE DEEP SNOW."

Hello, who was that?" for Swedie had given a half-cry and was hurrying from them with all his might.

"It 's Kalmar's son," the other policeman replied. "It 's likely his father is out and the boy is anxious. The poor little beggar is afraid of his shadow, anyway, the lads tell me."

Swedie's feet had wings. Eight o'clock. Why did the police wait until then? It was six now. In two hours his father, half blinded by the storm, might have gone down in the black, icy river, with no one to answer his cries for help, no one to hold out a hand to save him.

thick and his left-hand mitten was worn through the end. The three bells on Viking's harness shook merrily, and Swedie shouted to him encouragingly from time to time, sitting secure on his sled with an old shawl of his mother's wrapped about his legs. He was quite sure he would reach the peninsula in time; then he would take the trail around the bank until he could descend to the river again. He would meet his father, explain the danger, they would journey home in safety together, and on the way he would tell him the wonderful news, making him guess a little at first to excite his

curiosity. Swedie laughed aloud and slapped the reins over Viking's back. But all of a sudden the dog slowed his gait and then stood stock-still, whining a little.

"What is it, Viking?" Swedie called sharply. "Mush, mush on there."

But the dog refused to move, and Swedie, who for some time had noticed that the sled had traveled over a very uneven road, threw off the shawl and sprang into the snow, going quickly to the left where, on the river trail, the police had placed fir-trees to mark the way. He could not find one of them, and he hurried back to the sled, lighting the lantern with numb fingers. It was as he feared. They were off the road. In the light this would not have been a great matter, for he might have seen the line of trees from either bank of the river. But in the dark it was more serious, and for a long time the boy stumbled about in the deep snow, the storm blinding his eyes and the cold numbing his fingers and feet. Indeed, there was scarcely any feeling in his feet at all, though Swedie did not notice it, being so busy with other thoughts. At last, with a cry of joy, he fell into a snow-laden tree. Recovering himself, he led Viking from the open, and they were soon on their way again. It was getting colder now, and Swedie was growing anxious. He had been nearly two hours on the way, and a quarter of that time had been wasted looking for the road. He slapped his hands together to keep them from freezing, and got out every five minutes to run beside the sled to cheer and to help Viking. Far back on the hills, to the right, he could hear an ominous wailing sound, and he knew that his dog was shaking with fear. Only love for his master kept him from turning and running back to town, for, though Viking held the Male-mutes in contempt, he was afraid of the gaunt, long-teethed wolves with their fiery eyes—afraid for himself and for Swedie.

On and on they went. It grew colder all the time, and the snow ceased falling. All about was dark and still. "Even in the river," thought Swedie, "it cannot be darker or more quiet."

His hands were getting very numb. He ran with all his might and beat his arms across his chest. Surely he would reach the peninsula soon.

Hark! He shouted to Viking to stop, and

stood listening intently. A dull roaring came to his ears, and then, sharply, distinctly, a loud report as though some one were shooting a hundred yards away. Sweetly, serenely, as though lazily gracious, the moon suddenly sailed from under a great bank of clouds, and Swedie caught his breath in horror.

A stone's throw from him the river was open wide, and a great mouth yawned, all the blacker for the intense whiteness around, the water humping itself up like a monstrous tongue in the opening, while behind Swedie the ice had broken again, and there was another great blot of black amid the snow.

Shouting to the dog, the lad turned him swiftly to the shore where the peninsula jutted out, almost dividing the river. With a loud bark, the brute sprang in great leaps, dragging the sled with his master upon it. Too late! They could not get to the shore. Again the rumbling and the sharp report, and the ice on which they traveled with the fir-trees marking the road had broken away from the shore ice, and a black ribbon, ever growing wider, was between them and the land.

Another sound above the noise of the water—a far-away, cheery singing. Again Swedie listened, and his heart beat madly in his little bosom. It was his father on his way home singing one of the old Norse folk-songs that his mother had loved. Slowly, serenely, as she had sailed from beneath them, the moon vanished under the clouds and the world was black again.

With trembling hands Swedie took out his knife and cut the harness from his dog. He hugged the great brute once, swiftly, passionately, then stood up and spoke cheerily, firmly: "Go to father, Viking, go to father," and pushed him toward the shore, trusting that the lovingly wise animal would find some way to lead his father to safety.

In a second the dog was off. He too had heard the singing and knew what was required of him. He leaped the ten feet across the black ribbon of water and hastened around the peninsula on the land trail.

Swedie stood alone on his island of moving ice, looking in the direction whence came the singing, that grew louder every moment and more distinct. Now his father must be

neering the turn. Ah, now he was at the end of the peninsula. A few hundred yards more and then the great mouth and the black water.

"Father!" cried Swedie with all the strength of love and despair. "Father, father, father!"

The song was hushed. For a second all was still, and then, thank God! a cheery voice in reply:

"Eric, ohé, Eric, where are you?"

"The river is open, father," louder still the boy called, for the ice was carrying him farther away. "Take the trail on the shore till you get to Mellin's cabin. It is safe beyond."

"All right. Where are you, Eric?"

Summoning all the courage his brave heart possessed, the lad shouted almost gaily:

"Waiting over here for you, father," and then, in the thick blackness, he sat down upon the little sled and, holding his mother's old shawl tightly in his arms, quietly waited. Presently, with a great shock, the end came. He shut his eyes, bent his head, and knew no more.

It was very wonderful, and it made almost as much talk as the great strike had made. The moon sailed out a few minutes later and showed the ice island wedged firmly against the solid bed of river ice piled up where the join was, but over beyond everything was smooth and unbroken. And just off the bit of road marked by the fir-trees a little boy was lying with his head on an old shawl and a sled beside him. Two policemen, who had left their team at the cabin, sprang across the ridge, and

running over, knelt by the boy. The moon was bright and fair now over everything.

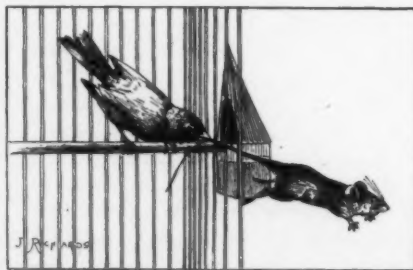
"It's Kalmar's son," said one. "Swedie, the lads call him. He heard us talking this afternoon and must have started off at once. Is he dead?"

The other was fumbling about under the worn overcoat. The police had heard the calling and understood what it meant. The man addressed looked at the other; both pairs of stern, steely eyes were wet. "Nearly frozen, but not dead, thank God," he answered.

So Swedie and his father went to Dawson at Christmas after all, and one of the boy's presents was a beautiful pair of silver-mounted skates with his name "Eric Gustavus Kalmar," and underneath "From his friends the N. W. M. P.," engraved upon them. These skates he wore in the great carnival at Dawson and with them he won the prize of a silver medal. If the Northwest Mounted Police and the Yukon people could have spoiled as manly a boy as Eric with praises and presents and kindness, he would have been spoiled indeed. But it was not so; perhaps because he did not quite understand, or perhaps because he was a little like a long-ago ancestor after whom Viking was named, "great in temptation and impervious to vanity." At all events, the night he saved his father's life was the beginning of a new life to Eric himself. When, next summer, he and his father and the dogs went home to Norway, all the lads of the town agreed that they had never missed a comrade as much as they missed Swedie.



A TINY BURGLAR—



CAUGHT!

THREE RHYME-AND-PICTURE PAGES.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



TWINS.

HERE 's a baby! Here 's another!
A sister and her infant brother.

Which is which 't is hard to tell,
But "mother" knows them very well.



THE TWO KNIGHTS.



Away in the forest there stands a good knight
 Clad all in a coat of mail;
 His lance is made of an icicle bright,
 His arrows are the hail.

And now and again he encounters a knight
 In Lincoln green arrayed;
 His crest is a spray of hawthorn white,
 A sunbeam is his blade.

They fight from dawn till set of sun,
 Till the leaves come out on the trees,
 And all the rivers begin to run,
 To carry the news to the seas!

Till all the flowers spring from the earth
 And wild grass is green on the ground.
 Then winter yields to the green knight's worth
 And is out of sight at a bound.

COMFORT.



THE sound of the wind, and of falling rain
Beating against the window-pane,
A clean-swept hearth and the fire's glow,
The sound of the tea-kettle humming low,
The cat asleep in the rocking-chair,
Warmth and comfort everywhere,
And a neighbor in for a dish of tea—
Ah, that 's the kind of a day for me!



A SALAMANDER.

BY FRANK E. CHANNON.



It was a warm corner. Day after day the French soldiers had pushed their batteries nearer and nearer toward the besieged town, and now one could look out from behind the breastworks and plainly see the faces of the Austrian artillerymen, as they stuck to their guns with grim determination and sent their shots flying into the French forts.

In one of these little mud-constructed forts, a small party of French soldiers, under the command of a corporal, were busily engaged in returning the fire of the enemy.

The corporal, a tall, gaunt young fellow of twenty, was directing the work of his men. Often he leaped to the ramparts to note what effect the fire of his guns was producing.

"Truly," said one of the soldiers, as the corporal jumped back among them, "thou art a veritable salamander, for thou canst stand fire."

"Who is a salamander?" inquired a gruff voice from the rear of the smoke-filled battery.

The soldiers turned and saw standing there a small, pale-faced man, in a general's uniform.

One of the men pointed toward the corporal.

"It is he, general," he replied.

"A salamander! We will see!" reiterated the officer, as he ran his eye over the corporal.

"Can you write?" he inquired.

"Yes, my general."

"Follow me, then." Out into the shot-swept open the two passed, walking side by side.

"You seem," remarked the general, pleas-

antly, "to be at least a foot taller than I. Kindly walk on this side," and he indicated the side nearest to the enemy. "It will be a great protection to me."

Without a word the corporal took the place.

Just at that moment a shell burst directly over their heads, but did them no harm.

The officer cast a quick glance at his companion. He was not in the least flurried. He did not even quicken his pace.

Presently they reached and entered a battery which was the nearest of all to the Austrian lines. It was filled with dead and wounded soldiers. Only one gun remained standing.

Calmly seating himself on a broken gun-carriage, the general gave the corporal paper and quill and ink, and commanded him to write as he began to dictate a letter.

The corporal's hand did not shake. He wrote almost as rapidly as the general spoke.

Suddenly, just as the letter was finished, there was a deafening report, and a huge cannon-ball passed close above them and buried itself with a dull thud in the earth beyond. The wind caused by its passage overturned the two, and dust and dirt completely covered them.

The general picked himself up in an instant. Calmly leaping upon the ramparts, the corporal waved the finished letter defiantly toward the Austrian lines.

"Thanks, my friends," he shouted. "You have saved me the trouble of blotting it."

A look of genuine admiration crept into the eyes of the general.

"What is your name?" he asked harshly.

"Corporal Junot of the Ninth Foot, general."

"Say rather '*Captain Junot*,' for I cannot afford to let such fellows as you remain corporals"; and General Bonaparte—for it was he—clapped the young man on the shoulder.

Eight years later *Marshal Junot* was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor Napoleon.

POLLY'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

BY ANNABEL LEE.



THEY were a happy party of children—Kenneth, Arthur, Alice, and Polly—as, one bright, cool, summer afternoon, they drove along a country road in a capacious pony-cart. The road which they followed, although near the sea, ran partly through pine woods and thickets, and was bordered, here and there, with a tangle of wild-rose and bay bushes, with no houses in sight. Suddenly the cart rolled into a clearing and approached a railroad track. Kenneth, who was driving, and had been cautioned about the danger near railroads, listened for a train. Everything was silent, so he chirruped to "Rob Roy," the sturdy pony, encouraging him to cross the rails. Just in the middle of the track the pony stopped stock-still and refused to budge.

"He is balky," said Arthur.

"Let's get out and see," cried Alice.

They tumbled hastily out, and found to their dismay that one of Rob Roy's hoofs was firmly fastened in a "frog" in the track, holding him so that he could not move from the spot. The children tried with all their might to release him, but in vain did they tug and lift. Then the awful thought struck Polly that it was almost time for the afternoon train, and what would become of Rob Roy and the cart? She exclaimed, "We must flag the train!"

The others screamed in scorn: "Flag the train! With what? A pocket-handkerchief?"

"No," said Polly, stoutly,—and she was only

seven,— "I'll flag the train with my red-flannel petticoat; red is the danger-signal, you know." And she whipped off the petticoat and ran down the track, followed by a string of loyal supporters, Kenneth being left to guard the pony.

Truly there was a train, puffing along at its usual speed! The engineer leaned from his cab-window, gazing with surprise at this group of hurrying children waving a red flag. Of course he stopped the train, while the children were quickly surrounded by questioning passengers, who raised a hearty cheer for Polly when she breathlessly told of the pony's perilous position and of her desire to save him. Strong hands released Rob Roy from his iron fetter, and the grateful children climbed into the cart, the passengers went aboard the cars, and the train steamed away, passengers and brakemen waving a parting salute to the intrepid four.

That evening, at a dinner-party, one gentleman remarked to the father of the heroine: "That was a clever thing which your Polly did this afternoon."

"What do you mean?" her father said.

"Why, did n't you know that she flagged the down train to save the pony?"

Then the whole story came out. They had been, each and all, afraid to mention the incident that afternoon, fearing they might be forbidden to drive Rob Roy any more, and not dreaming that any one on the train would think that what they did was worth mentioning.

As the pony's accident was not due to any fault of the children, their father allowed them to continue their drives, but were urgently warned to avoid railroad crossings in the future.



A WILD-ANIMAL FARM.

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.



THE boy who does the chores on the wild-animal farm stopped pumping, tied the camel to the pump-handle, and hurried over to the kitchen door.

"This camel 's had more than a barrel of water, and he

drinks faster than I can pump," he complained, "and he 's the first of the herd I 've watered."

The wild-animal farmer appeared in the doorway.

"Well, you see," said he, good-naturedly, "the critter has eight stomachs, and it takes time to fill 'em up. Anyway, it will last him a week, you know."

"And the zebras carried away four lengths of fence this morning. We can't catch 'em, and must wait till they come home for dinner. And we could n't get the kinks out of the llamas' coats."

And he went back to the pump, unloosened the patient old camel, and proceeded to fill up his seventh or eighth stomach.

"Have to do the best you can," the farmer said. "I 'd sooner farm a thousand cows than that fifty head of camel and dromedaries, let alone the zebras, llamas, and yaks."

Meanwhile herds of outlandish-looking animals crowd the quaint old farm-buildings on every hand. In the camel-yards half a hundred of these curious ships of the desert lie becalmed. The llamas are craning their long, thin necks nervously through the bars of what was once a cow-shed. Great curly-haired, wide-eyed yaks are munching their fodder in the horse-mangers. The zebras, with their barred coats glistening in the sun, are scattered grazing over the broad meadows.

Come good crops or bad, the wild-animal farm does a thriving business. Its cosmopolitan

population, gathered from Asia, Africa, India, from every clime, do not take kindly to farm-work. The camels refuse to plow; no amount of urging will induce the zebras to do the work of horses; nor will the yaks or the sacred cows do the work of ordinary oxen. Actually the farm is a great animal boarding-house, with "boarders" from all over the world. The farm, which comprises some three hundred acres, is located near Allentown, in Pennsylvania. Its population last year numbered more than three hundred "head" of different kinds of stock and comprised a large and fairly complete menagerie.

During the summer months the entire population of the wild-animal farm travels about the country in the vans of the "Greatest Show on Earth." Early each fall the animals return to their quiet Pennsylvania farm to enjoy a well-earned vacation. It is a great day for the countryside, for miles in all directions, when the circus comes to the country. The great herds of camels, dromedaries, yaks, buffalo, llamas, and the rest, are shipped to the nearest railroad point and paraded across country to their winter quarters. The caravan makes a very pretty picture as it moves slowly along, up hill and down dale, over the quiet country roads.

The winter residents of the wild-animal farm are known in the circus as the "led stock." In the cross-country march to the farm it might more correctly be called the "pulled, pushed, or hauled stock." The journey is usually very exciting. In the various parades of the Barnum and Bailey circus throughout the country, these same animals will remain perfectly passive in the streets of great cities, no matter how loudly the band may play, the calliope whistle, or the small boys shout. But, strange to say, a quiet country lane affects them very differently, and they will balk as only a camel can, shy at the most innocent bush or tree, crash through high fences or hurdle them, and go flying over the surrounding farms, to the consternation of



ZEBRAS IN AN EVERY-DAY AMERICAN BARNYARD.

the farmers. The caravan starts on its journey promptly at sunrise, and it is usually late in the day before the farm is reached and the last unruly runaway rounded up and safely stabled.

A generation of circus audiences has faced these same animals in their tented city. And because we are used to seeing them surrounded by crowds and with the accompaniment of brass



A DROMEDARY, OR "TWO-MASTED" SHIP OF THE DESERT, IN HIS AMERICAN HOME.



A DROVE OF CAMELS.

bands, the simple background of an ordinary farm seems somehow strangely unsuited to them. The Pennsylvania farm has been chosen for a winter home because of its great roomy stone

barns, the high roofs where even a giraffe need not stoop, the wealth of out-buildings, and the strong fences. Certainly such farm buildings never sheltered more remarkable stock. The



A PROMENADE ON THE VILLAGE STREET.

familiar interiors, with the stalls and the hay-mows, borrow a strangely foreign air from the long rows of curious long-haired and horned inhabitants. A group of camels or yaks being fed about an ordinary haystack catches one's eye as he leaves the barn; while on another side

large it may be, brings about instant and violent conflicts. And for all the years the circus animals have wintered among such civilizing influences on their Pennsylvania farm, they remain persistently ignorant of many things which an ordinary barnyard animal accepts as



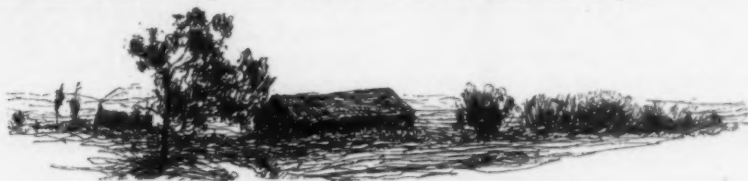
THE LLAMAS POSING FOR THEIR PICTURES.

the farm-boy is letting down the bars for the sacred cows. Even the staid old farm-house looks self-conscious and out of place when surrounded by a herd of dromedaries, zebras, or llamas.

The difficulties of animal farming are, of course, endless. For one thing the wilder animals draw the race line very strictly. The domestic and the wild animals, even of the same species, never live happily together. The sacred cow will not graze peacefully with her domesticated sister—neither seems happy. To put zebras and horses in the same pasture, however

a matter of course. The llamas never respect fences, even very high and strong ones. Not one of them is of the slightest value for ordinary farm work. To herd them, since many of them are so powerful and swift of foot, is, perhaps, the most difficult of the chores on this extraordinary farm. Beyond all, the feeding is an endless task, since many of the "boarders" must be fed separately, and each has some absurd prejudices all his own.

It is little wonder, then, that the new chore-boy on the wild-animal farm regarded his daily round of duties with despair.





BY CAROLYN WELLS.

ALACKADAY! and woe is me!
I 'm broken past repair, you see;
My day is o'er; and, banished, I
With worn-out toys must be laid by.
Mine is a sad and sorry plight;
My wooden heart is broken quite.

Yet some dear memories have power
To cheer me in this dreadful hour:
I cannot be entirely sad,
Remembering those I have made glad,—
Thinking how often my gay wiles
Brought to the children merry smiles.

Why, when I 'd turn a somersault,
Or high above my stick I 'd vault,
The baby crowed with lively squeals,
And Bobby's laughter rang in peals;
And when I 'd spring or jump or climb,
Dorothy chuckled every time!

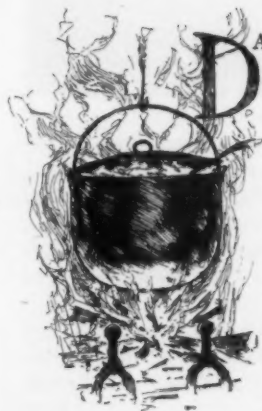
And so, though I can't do a trick,—
Though I can't even climb my stick,
And nobody with me will play,
And soon I must be thrown away,—
It cheers my broken heart of wood
To know that I *have* done some good.



"ALL RIGHT, ROVER, BUT I CAN'T COME OUT UNTIL I 'VE FINISHED THIS OLD HISTORY LESSON."

HOMINY HOT!

BY JESSIE C. GLASIER.



DAT 'S me, yessah — th' ole hom'ny man. You 's got it curreck to de lettah, sah. Tha' 's be'n me dis many a long yeah. Ain' nubber be'n no othah hom'ny man ez ubber I 's heah'd on, sah, en dis cap'tal city — leastways, not ez wuz desarkin' ob de title. I s'pose yo' c'u'd n' he'p tek notis dat sign outside dah w'en yo' come in, di'n' yo'? "*Puffessah Will-yum Washington Watts. Hot hom'ny allays on hand. Fambles supplied on de sho'tes' notis.*"

Dey calls me de puffessah ob de hom'ny kittle, 'ca'se I done lahn de aht o' mekin' it swell up so sof' an' w'ite, jes ter de las' p'int ob puffeckshin.

Right smaht ob a prace, dis yer. Ubber be'n hyar befo', sah? Reside hyar onst, yo' say? Yo' mus' sholy 'a' heah'd me a-parsin' 'long yo' street? Be'n onto all on um, fum de Cap'tol ter de crick, en de follerin' o' my puffession, sah.

Advenchahs, sah, yo' arskin'? I dunno ez 't wuz ubber de ole man's luck to come 'crost whut yo' mought call advenchahs, excep' de time w'en I meet up wid my li'll Markis, — de Lawd bress de chile! — liken a angil unbewares. But dat ain' no sho't story, tek it altogerr.

But please jes ter 'scuse me dis instan', sah! 'Pear lak de hom'ny demandin' ob de ole man's 'tention. Look hyar w'ilst I raise de pot-kiver! Ain' dat swell up beauchiful?

Yo' see, we ain' nubber hed no chil'n ob ou' own, an' me an' my ole woman wuz mighty sorry 'bout dat.

'T wuz on dis be'y subjick I wuz a-meditatin', sah, on de mohnin' I 's gwine ter relate to yo'. A wintah mohnin' 't wuz, 'arly, not long arstah sun-up. An' 't wuz nigh on ter eighteen yeah ago. My ole woman hain't be'n gone mo' 'n a sixmonf den. So I goes down de street wid my bucket en one han' an' dippah en tothah,

I name him Markis o' Lawn. Yessch. 'T wuz my ole woman's fab'rite. On'y I gin'rully calls him Markis fur eb'ry day.

I hed offen obsahve, sah, de way de baby's fingers creep, creep, feelin' 'long obah eb'ryt'ing. Soon 's he begun ter tek notis, he mus' allays git a holt o' eb'ryt'ing, dat a-way, but I di'n' lahn it den, nur w'en I seen him lay lookin' plumb ent' de fiah. 'T wuz one night w'en we happens ter hab a bit o' candle lit, an' I sees li'll



"LOOK HYAR W'ILST I RAISE DE POT-KIVER!"

an' bimeby I comes ter a alley-way, an' hi! Whut dat? I 'mos' stumble 'g'inst suffin'! An' I stops an' looks, an' I sees a bundle lyin' ont' de bricks, jes plumb undah foot; an' I looks ag'in, an' it am de solemn truf! whut I see wid my own eyes wuz a li'll mite ob a yaller baby, wrop up en a piece o' ole blankit!

Tek de chile home? Yo' dunno me, sah! I sticks him und'neaf my jacket, an' I meks de libelies' tracks fur de cab'n!

Well, an' so I hol's him f'unt de fiahplace, an' I gits him so 'st he swallows de hot brof fum de hom'ny — I ain' no milk handy.

Payren's? *No, sah!* Nubber c'u'd fin' dem.

Markis ben' obah, close ter de blaze, an' nubber wink onst — 't wuz den de truf kem ter me! Blin'? Yessch. Yo' say true, sah. Blin' ez de stuns I foun' him layin' on.

I c'u'd n' sleep none, a-thinkin' how wuz my pore li'll Markis gwine t' git fru dis worl', an' nubber see de light ob day, nur yit de mohnin'-glories roun' de cab'n en de summah-time.

W'en I tuk de baby ent' Missus Polly Simmons'es, my haht it wah dat low down I 'bleege ter tell heh 'bout 'n it. She done tek keer Markis, yo' see, w'ilst I 's onto my roun's.

Die, sah? Not by no means he di'n'! But I wah 'bleege ter paht wid him. I 's comin'

to dat t'reckly. I ain' tol' yo' yit how he c'u'd sing, my li'll Markis! Jes lak a mock-bird.

"T wuz w'en he wah gittin' a gre't boy, nigh onto twelve yeah ole, I kem home fum spadin' up Missus Kirvey's flowah-beds,—t' wuz en de spreng o' de yeah,—an' I fin's a mighty spruce gen'laman en de cab'n, 'longst o' Markis.

"Aft'noon, oncle," he say, tur'ble polite. "I heah 'bout yo' li'll boy, whut wah sech a singah, an' I jes drap en t' git him ter sing foh me."

An' den Markis bust right out: "'N', pappy, pappy! whut yo' s'pose," says he, "dis good, kin' gen'laman arsk me?" says he. "He wan' know ef I go 'long o' him an' lahn de music reg'lah, an' lahn t' sing eb'ryt'ing! *EB'ryt'ing*, pappy! An', pappy, he say he teach me t' read an' write, same 's ef I c'u'd see! An' he promus ter pay me, too, hull heap o' money, pappy, ef I go an' sing foh him reg'lah! Ef yo' jes lemme go, pappy!"

An' den de gen'laman he 'splain hisseff mo' p'intedly. It tuhn out he wah trabin' roun' fur whut dey calls a "dime yo'-see-um," an' keepin' his eye out cohntan' fur eb'ry cur'us contraption he kem 'cros; an' he wah dat taken wid Markis's singin', he offer to pay him high, an' lahn him all dem t'ings, ef he go wid him.

Hi, sah! I c'u'd n' say nuffin', one way turr! But I see de gen'laman hab a hones', stret-forra'd look; an' I 'bleege ter see de chile be bettah done by 'n whut ubber de ole man c'u'd gib him. But yit I c'u'd n' say nuffin', an' Markis lakwise, sah. He don' 'zackly wanter leabe ole pap—bress de chile! But den bime-by de gen'laman gits up ter go, an' he say, "Well, puffessah" (reckin he got dat stret off'n de sign!)"—"well, puffessah," he say, "t'ink it obah, t'ink it all obah. An' yo' an' Markis come ter see me to-maw mohnin'," says he. An' Markis an' I we puts off ter Missus Polly Simmonses' ter talk it obah.

An' 'way she wen', dat be'y ebenin', did dat Missus Simmons, an' she diskibber de lady whut kep' de mil'nery sto' wah ole frien's wid de gen'laman, an' she say he squah an' hones', an' boun' ter keep he promus. An' so, en de up-shot, li'll Markis he wen' wid him. An' tha' 's how come, sah, we wuz pahted fum one nurr.

Long 'go? Well, yessah. It seem so, sah. 'Bout eight yeah, 'bout en dis same season, sence den, an' I ain' nubber lay eye on de chile. I 's got lettahs, fo' on um, fum de chile hisseff! Polly Simmonses' yaller Bill he done read dem ter me obah 'n' obah. An' Markis say he lahn-in' de banjer; an' de 'corjin, lakwise. An' he allays sen' he be'y bes' lub to ole pappy, an' eb'ry lettah hab de money en.

Yessah, onst Markis wuz taken to Yurup, an' onst en a w'ile he say suffin' 'bout comin' ter see he ole pappy, but de las' lettah he di'n'—

Hahk, sah! Lissen! Fur de massy sake! I sut'n'y heah dat li'll feller call out "*Puppy*" a-settin' dyah in he li'll chair. Dyah! Dyah it kem ag'in, jes 's prain—wha-whut! De good Powahs bress an' sabe us, sah, it ain' *yo'seff*, sah? Yo ain' my li'll Markis, is yer? Tek off dem spectikles—lemme see yo' eyes!

'*T is dem!* Honey! De Lawd bress yo', chile! Whaffur yo' kem dress up so fine, an' growed cl'ar outen reck'nin', so 'st yo' ole pappy hisseff nubber s'picion yo' onst? W'y, I kain't git de right ob it yit! An' dat w'y yo' wyah dem spectikles, an' set hyar an' say nuffin', sca'ce? Ter fool de ole man! Chile, chile! Tuhn roun', now, cl'ar roun' ag'in. Lemme git a good look a' yo', honey.

Hey? Yo' an' Mistah Petahson an' all is exhibitin' in dis town to-night, is yo'? Gwine ter keep on de go? De hull pahty 'n' passel on yo', after dis—an' no! Say dat obah; I ain' ketch it straight. Chaince fur me to trabel roun' 'mongst um? Who cunjah up dat? Dat Mistah Petahson see how yo' wuz a-hank'rin' ter be 'longst de ole man? An' he say he fin' wuk fur me—an' me gib up my puffession? Chile, chile! Who 's ter puvvide de hom'ny fur dis yer cap'tal city? An' yit dat Bill Simmons he right peart! Jes mought be I c'u'd train him. But sho! yo' don' mean it. Whut wuk c'u'd de ole man do 'longst a dime yo'-see-um? An' yit, w'en de puffessah git 'long so puffick en de hom'ny trade, reckin he mought lahn 'mos' ennyt'ing he gib he min' to! Yo' wants a bo'ful hom'ny stret out 'n de pot hyar? Now jes see dat! Bress de chile! En de berry midst ob all dese high sahcmstainces, he ain' fo'got de tas'e ob de ole man's hom'ny!

THE LITTLE COQUETTE AND THE EMPEROR.

BY ALBERT MORRIS BAGBY.

DURING one of his visits to Wiesbaden, the aged monarch Emperor William I was seated one day beside his adjutant on a bench in the shade of the magnificent trees that beautify Berlin's handsome promenade on the Wilhelmstrasse. The crowd of curious on-gazers, that always follows in the wake of royalty when opportunity offers, pressed as near as permissible. One of the number, on account of her tender years more daring than her elders, broke from her nurse's grasp and approached the august presence. She was a beautiful child of four years, and charming to look upon in her well-made, becoming costume, her long fair hair veiling her shoulders, and a loose bunch of red roses in her hand. She was on the way to the railway station, and the flowers were for a good-by offering to a friend who was about to leave the city. On the way to the station she had heard the word passed along, "The Emperor! the Emperor!" and

The old sovereign smiled benignly at the child and extended his hand toward her. "Will you give me your roses, little girl?" said he.



"YES!" ANSWERED THE LITTLE GIRL, FRANKLY, AS SHE PLACED THE BOUQUET IN HIS HAND."

being a very young miss whose home was in a country where they do not have kings, she stopped and gazed inquisitively at the two men. "No, sir," responded the tiny maiden; but she took the flowers in her left hand and held them behind her as she walked forward and

placed her right hand in the Emperor's outstretched palm.

"Not this hand," said he, smiling. "The other one."

She changed the bouquet to her right hand and gave him the left.

"No, the other," repeated the Emperor.

She transferred the flowers to the left hand and reached out her right. The request was made a third and a fourth time, and still she manœuvred with the bouquet. The nurse, who had observed this pantomime at a respectful distance, now came forward and said

chidingly, "Please give his Majesty the roses, Helen."

"No!" replied her young charge, with decision.

"Will you not give *me* your roses?" inquired the adjutant, in a persuasive voice.

"Yes!" answered the little girl, frankly, as she placed the bouquet in his hand.

Both the Emperor and his adjutant laughed heartily. "She evidently prefers you to me," said the former, with a smile. Then the kind-hearted old Emperor drew the child to him and gave her a kiss, and the nurse led her away.



TWO CHARADES.

By C. W.

(For answers, see Letter-Box, page 478.)

As I stealthily was creeping
Through the jungle's densest shade,
And I saw my total sleeping,
I must own I was afraid.

'T is not easy to outwit him—
Of all foes he is the worst;
But I thought that I could hit him
If I had my last my first.

I'll go back across the water,
Nevermore abroad to roam;
And, a present to my daughter,
I will take my total home.

With what great delight she'll grasp it
(For it will not be alive!)—
In her eager hands she'll clasp it,
Just the moment I arrive.

Oft I've known her to desire it—
How she'll hold it to her cheek!
How she'll fondle and admire it,
Stroke its feathers, soft and sleek!
VOL. XXXII.—56.

Though with horror I should shiver
Were my child my total's prey,
I suppose I'll have to give her
To my last my first some day.

II.

My first is a roast that I much like to carve,
Yet my first I'd be sorry to eat;
Without it we all would go hungry or starve;
Sometimes it is sour, sometimes sweet.

My second is made of iron or steel;
I eat it with pleasure and glee;
'T is made into cakes, or used as a meal,
And it grows on a bush or a tree.

My total sometimes is as heavy as lead,
Sometimes 't is as light as a feather;
'T is made of my first; and a very good
spread
Is my last and my total together.

THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

FIFTH PAPER.



DURING the past few years American and English boys and girls have become so fascinated with Venetian and Florentine metal-work that to-day the materials may be purchased at hardware-stores in many of the large cities.

A few simple designs are shown on these pages, and the instructions given are for the amateurs who are supposed to have had no experience in this kind of work. The tools required will be a pair of flat-nosed and a pair of round-nosed pliers, a pair of heavy shears, and a pair of wire-cutters; a small bench-vise will also be useful.

The materials needed will be a few sheets of thin stovepipe iron of good quality that may be purchased from a tinsmith, several yards of fine, soft iron wire, and some heavy wire for framework.

From the sheets of iron narrow strips are to be cut with the shears, and for ordinary work they should be not more than three sixteenths of an inch in width, but for heavier work the width may be varied. If it is possible to obtain the strips at a hardware-store, it will be best to purchase them, as it is a tiresome task to cut many of the strips from sheet-iron; but if they

cannot be bought ready-made, it would be best to let a tinsmith cut them with a large pair of shears or gage-cutters. Soft, thin iron that will bend easily is the only kind that is of use, as the hard or brittle iron breaks off, and it is impossible to bend graceful scrolls of it.

When uniting or binding two strips of metal together, they may be fastened either with wire or bands, as you choose. If the latter mode is employed, short pieces of the metal strips are



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

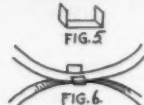


FIG. 5.

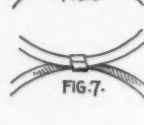


FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

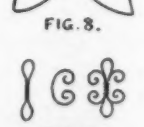


FIG. 8.

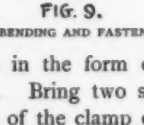


FIG. 9.

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE METHOD OF BENDING AND FASTENING.

to be cut and partly bent in the form of a clamp, as shown in Fig. 5. Bring two sides together and bend one ear of the clamp over them (Fig. 6); and if the other ear is the proper length, bend that down in place, and squeeze all together with the flat-nosed pair of pincers so the perfect joint will appear as shown in Fig. 7.

In Figs. 2, 3, and 4 are shown the various stages in bending a piece of flat band to make the form shown in Fig. 1. This form, it will

be noticed, appears in the circle of the lamp-screen in the next column. Fig. 8 is the pattern for a four-leaved bell-flower, and Fig. 9



FIG. 10. A CHAIN LINK COMPLETE.

shows the details of an ornamental chain link. When using metal clamps, the ears should be of such a length that when pressed down over the united strips of metal the ends will just come together, and not so that one will lap over the other.

A LAMP-SCREEN.

A SIMPLE and attractive design for a lamp-screen is shown in Fig. 11, and when completed and backed with some pretty material it will be found a very useful little affair to hang against the shade of a lamp to shield one's eyes from the direct rays of a bright light.

To begin with, form a square of 6 inches, and at the top, where the ends meet, make a lap-joint by allowing one end to lap over the other, and bind them together with some very fine wire, about the size that florists use; inside of this square make a circle 6 inches in diameter, and wire it fast to the square where the sides, bottom, and top touch it. Join by wrapping with soft wire the points where all scrolls, circles, and straight lines come in contact.

Having made the body part of the screen, make the scrolls that form the top, and bind them in place with wire or the little metal clamps. This top should measure about three inches high from the top of the screen.

For the sides and bottom make a frill of any form, somewhat after the pattern shown in the illustration.

When the metal-work is finished, coat it with a good black paint to improve its appearance and prevent its rusting. Small cans of such paint may be purchased at any paint or hardware store. If it should become too thick, it may be thinned by adding alcohol.

If the metal-work is exposed to the weather or dampness that would cause it to rust, a coat of red lead next the iron is necessary in all cases.

A backing of some pretty light-colored silk (plain, not figured) is required to complete the

screen, using one, two, or three thicknesses, depending upon how opaque it is desired to be.

When constructing any piece of grill-work, it is always best to have a full-size drawing to work over. For instance, in building up this screen it is much better to have lines to follow than to trust to chance in fitting the various pieces together; so whenever making anything flat, always draw the pattern first. It is a very simple

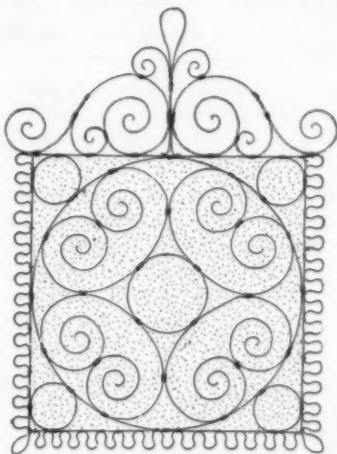


FIG. 11. A LAMP-SCREEN.

matter to lay out a plan in the following manner: pin to a lap-board a smooth piece of heavy brown paper, and with a soft pencil draw a 6-inch square; inside this draw with a compass a 6-inch circle; then draw in the four corner circles and divide the larger circle into quarters. In each of the quarters draw, in freehand, the scroll like Fig. 1, and, in turn, the middle hoop.

A FAIRY-LANTERN.

FOR a candle fairy-lantern and bracket, Fig. 12 suggests a beautiful design that is made in six sections and wired together.

The back stick, A, is to be made of wood $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square and 16 inches long, and the metal strips of which the scrolls are formed should be $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide. The bracket may extend out 9 inches from the wall.

The lantern body measures 11 inches high, not including the rings at the top nor the bell-flowers at the bottom. Each side is 7 inches

high, 3 inches wide at the top, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the bottom. It will be best to make each of the six sides separately of strips one eighth of an inch in width, and construct the frames of thick brass wire, and solder the unions to make them strong. After the sides are made and put together, forming a hexagon, the top or crown and the bottom may be constructed. Fig. 12 shows plainly how each of the top and bottom sections is formed; and after they are fastened to the sides, one of the six large side-panels is to be detached and swung as a door.

To hold a large taper or a candle it will be necessary to make a sconce or candle-socket and attach it to the bottom of the lantern inside.

At the top several rings may be arranged from which to swing the lantern to the hook on the bracket, and at the bottom some bell-flowers of sheet-metal may be suspended as described for one of the hanging candle-holders on page 446. A few coats of black paint will give this artistic

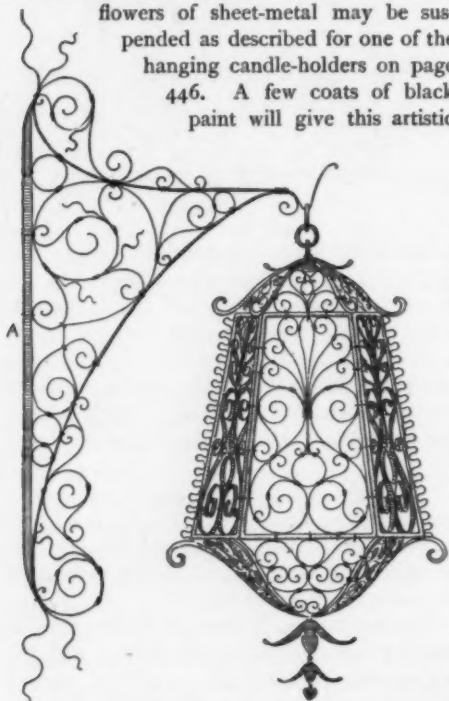


FIG. 12. A FAIRY-LANTERN.

bit of furnishing a good appearance, and when completed it may be attached to a door or window casing or hung in a corner against the wall.

A CANDLESTICK.

To begin with, secure an old tin or brass candlestick and rip the bottom off, leaving only

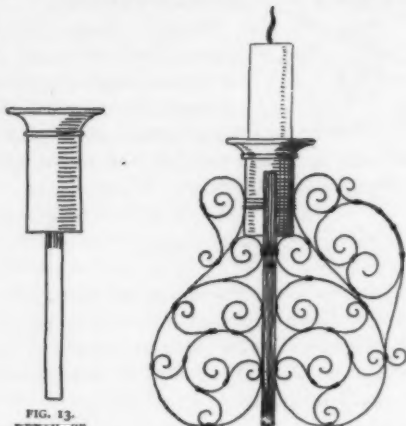
FIG. 13.
DETAIL OF
CANDLESTICK.

FIG. 14. A CANDLESTICK.

the sheath and the collar at the top. Have a tinsmith cut the lower end away, leaving about 2 inches of the top, and solder a bottom in it.

Cut a pine stick about 4 inches long and not more than three sixteenths of an inch square, or the same thickness as the width of the metal strips from which the scrolls will be formed. Punch a small hole in the bottom of the socket and drive a slim steel-wire nail down through it and into the middle of one end of the stick, so that the attached pieces will appear as shown in Fig. 13. The socket will hold a candle, and the stick will act as a center-staff against which the four scroll sides are to be fastened. The scrolls may measure $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches full width and 5 or 6 inches high. To the upper part of one side-scroll a handle can be shaped and fastened as shown in Fig. 14.

A SIGN-BOARD.

FOR a sign-board an idea is suggested in the design at the head of this article. For a place of business, in front of a cottage or a physician's office, it may be displayed to good advantage.

It is merely a board on which sheet-iron or lead letters may be fastened and the edges

bound with metal and large-headed nails. A rod, set at right angles to a post or on the side of a building, is to be made stout enough to support the board, and to ornament it some scroll-work is attached at the top. Scroll ornaments decorate the sides and bottom of the board, also, and add greatly to its appearance. These are fastened on with steel-wire nails driven through holes made in the metal and into the edges of the board. Sign-boards vary in length, width, and thickness, and the number of letters to be placed on them will govern this.

The ornamental scroll-work should be made of somewhat thicker and wider iron strips than the more delicate articles for indoor use. If the sign is to be used outdoors, the iron should be given a coat of red lead and then one or two coats of black paint.

A FIVE-LIGHT CANDLESTICK.

THE design for a four-armed candelabrum, to hold five candles, is shown in Fig. 16.

Cut two sticks $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square and 10 inches long, and one 13 inches long; also a short piece 2 inches long.

At the middle of the 10-inch lengths cut laps as shown at A in Fig. 15, and bore a hole through the center and into an end of the long stick. Drive a slim nail down into the hole at the end of the stick, as shown at B, and over it place the cross-arms as shown at C. In one

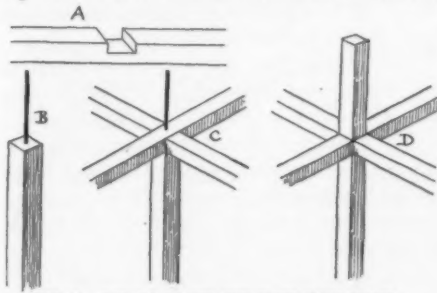


FIG. 15. DETAILS OF THE FIVE-LIGHT CANDLESTICK.

end of the short stick bore a hole and fit it over the top of the nail and drive it down so that it will fit securely on top of the cross-sticks, and the completed union will have the appearance of D. To this wood frame the scroll and ornamental work are to be attached.

Lay out the plan of one side of the grill-work on paper, making the distance from the stick to the outer edge of the foot about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches,



FIG. 16. A FIVE-LIGHT CANDLESTICK.

and the narrowest place (where the side curves in near the top) $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width. The scrolls should be securely bound to the wood frame with wire; and for candle-sockets five stars should be cut from the pattern given in Fig. 8, except that they had better be of six or eight ears. They should be $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and bent to receive a standard-size candle.

A small screw passed through a hole in the center will fasten them to the wood arms; and when placing them the wood should pass entirely under each socket, as may be seen in the illustration. Canopy shades and holders should be made or purchased.

Fig. 16 shows two legs of the stand, the leg projecting toward the observer showing merely its edge, as the illustration does not show the candlestick in perspective. Of course there are two more candles than the cut shows, but to simplify the sketch they are omitted. Each of the four cross-arms has a candle.

A MOORISH LANTERN.

THIS may be undertaken by boys who have gained some experience in making the simpler things already described in this article.

In size this lantern is not limited, and it may be made from 12 to 36 inches high, not includ-

inside of the middle part with some plain silk or other material. At the top and bottom, the ends of the heavy wires forming the skeleton frame should be curled. At the six corners, brackets may extend out for a distance of 5 inches, where, at the ends, sconces for tapers or small candles may be hung from wires as shown, or these may be omitted entirely. Each little sconce is 2 to 3 inches deep and $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches in diameter, and in them candle-holders may be placed, over which colored-glass globes will appear to good advantage.

From the top of the lower lobe six arms may support flower-drops 4 or 5 inches long; and from the extreme bottom a pendant of flowers will make a good finish. Fig. 17 shows the lantern in perspective, but of course it must be borne in mind that it has six sides, and the patterns of the six sides, of the top, middle section, and bottom are *all* like those in one complete section that faces the reader as he looks at the illustration. No matter what size this lantern is made, the proportions here given should be carried out, as otherwise the graceful shape may be lost. A long chain made up of links and rings may be used to suspend the lantern.

The interior may be arranged for an oil-lamp, or electric light, or a cluster of candles, and, if preferred, the middle panels may be lined with silk. The lining

should be plain, not figured, and of a thickness depending upon the light desired. For variety the string of flowers at the bottom of the lamp may be made with six points instead of four.

METAL-BOUND ARTICLES.

THIN sheets of metal of different kinds can be used to great advantage in decoration; and it would seem hardly possible that strips of stovepipe iron, sheet-lead, brass, copper, and



FIG. 17. A MOORISH LANTERN.

ing the suspension chain and rings and the drop of flower pendants at the bottom.

For a lamp 20 inches high, having six sides, each panel can be made on a wire frame. The middle panels will measure 6 inches high, 4 inches wide at the top, and 3 inches at the bottom. The top panels will be 5 inches across at the widest place, and the lower ones $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One of the middle panels can be arranged to swing on hinges in order to place a lamp within the lantern, and to make it possible to line the

zinc could be employed to form such artistic edgings to wood boxes and bits of furniture as may be seen in the following illustrations.

It is so simple and easy to bind with metals that any boy can do it if the suggestions here given are followed and a little care and perseverance are exercised in the work.

A PLANT-BOX.

For large growing plants, palms, and miniature trees, an attractive plant-box is shown in Fig. 18. It can be made almost any size, but for general use a good size is 12 inches square at the bottom, 18 at the top, and from 12 to 14 inches high. On two sides of the box ring-handles are to be fastened. These can be made by a blacksmith, at a small cost, and should be from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 inches in diameter, according to the size of the box. On the other sides metal strips of ornamental design may be tacked on.

This box should be treated to several good coats of paint inside, and finished as desired on the outside. A zinc lining should be used to fit the box, with a vent-hole at the bottom to

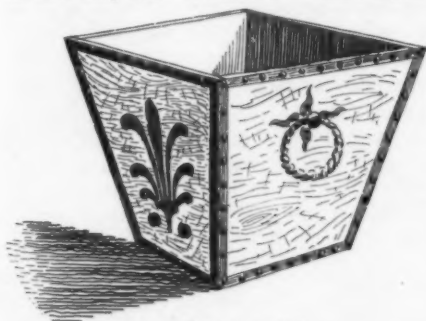


FIG. 18. A PLANT-BOX.

drain off surplus moisture. A tinsmith will make the lining, which may be tacked around the top to the inside edge of the box.

A METAL-BOUND BOX.

THIS (Fig. 19) is a useful receptacle for photographs, picture-cards, or other small things that accumulate in a library or a living-room.

To make a box 18 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 8 inches deep, including top, bottom, and sides, obtain some smooth pieces of wood

not more than three eighths or half an inch thick. The pieces are glued and nailed all together, forming an inclosed box. Use a good liquid glue and slim steel-wire nails to make the joints, and when the glue is dry make a light pencil-mark all around the four sides of the box, one and a half inches down from the top; on this line carefully saw off the top from the box.

Cut some strips of stovepipe iron or sheet-lead about an inch and a quarter wide. These

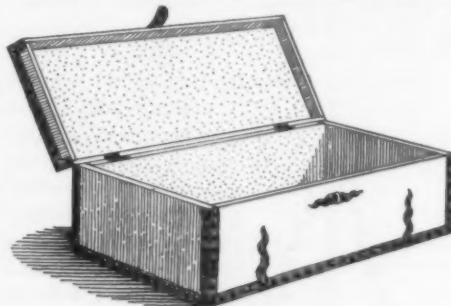


FIG. 19. A METAL-BOUND BOX.

are for binding the edges of the box. A strip is bent and lapped on both sides of a corner, so that a band five eighths of an inch wide will show on each side. The metal is to be fastened on with brass oval-headed upholsterers' tacks, and the heads

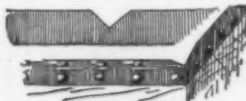


FIG. 20. SHOWING METHOD OF MAKING CORNER.

may be from a quarter to half an inch in diameter. Before tacking, lightly punch a hole in the strip with a pointed awl.

At the point on the strip where the corner is to be cut out a V is shown in the upper part of Fig. 20. The metal, when fastened to one edge, will appear as shown in the lower part of Fig. 20.

When the nails have been securely fastened in, bend down the standing edge of metal so that it will lie flat on the other side of the corner. This may be done by beating it down with a light wooden mallet.

From sheet-iron or lead next cut a few irregular strips of suitable length, and fasten them to the box to represent the straps to the hinges or binding straps to the box. The hasp and eye-plate can be made in the same manner.

The box may be lined with Canton flannel, velours, leather, or almost any good lining material, and a band of webbing or a chain arranged to the inside will prevent the cover from falling back too far. By using thicker wood a much larger box may be made from this pattern if desired.

A HANGING-PLANT BOX.

FOR vines, low plants, or pretty blade grasses, the design for a hanging-plant box is shown in the illustration.

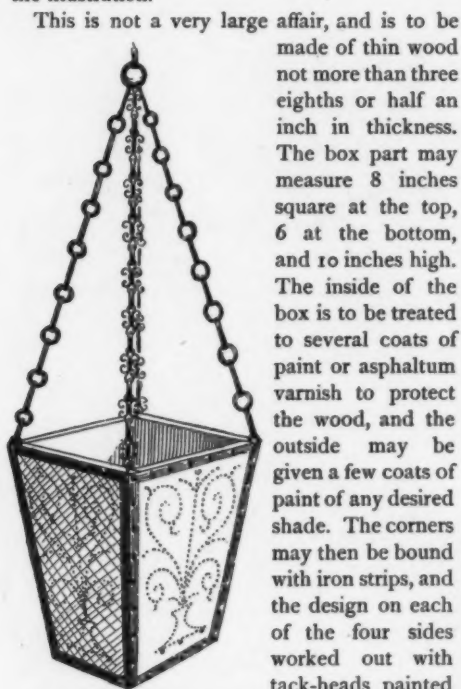


FIG. 21. A HANGING-PLANT BOX.

This is not a very large affair, and is to be made of thin wood not more than three eighths or half an inch in thickness. The box part may measure 8 inches square at the top, 6 at the bottom, and 10 inches high. The inside of the box is to be treated to several coats of paint or asphaltum varnish to protect the wood, and the outside may be given a few coats of paint of any desired shade. The corners may then be bound with iron strips, and the design on each of the four sides worked out with tack-heads painted black. Any suitable design may be used, and by pricking through the lines of the original drawing the design may readily be repeated on each side. The tacks are driven on the lines thus transferred; or, tissue-paper tracings may be made and the tacks driven over the lines. When all the tacks have been started, the paper can be torn away from them and they may then be driven in tight. A very pretty effect is made by using copper tacks.

At the top of the box, in the four corners,

screw-eyes are to be made fast, into which the ends of the suspending chains will be caught.

Four chains are to be made from thin strips of metal and small harness-rings and fastened in place, as shown in Fig. 21.

In putting the links together, care should be taken to fasten them well, so they will not come apart.

A COAL-BOX.

THIS coal-box is a very simple affair, as it can be made from an ordinary box cut at one end so as to form a projection or nose.

The shape of the box is clearly shown in Fig. 22, and in size it can be made to meet any requirement. For ordinary use, however, it will be 15 inches wide, 20 inches long from back to end of nose, and about 12 inches high, not counting the ball feet, which will raise it up two inches more. The box should be securely screwed together at the joints, and the lid or cover fastened on with sheet-brass hinges. Paint or varnish will give the woodwork a good finish, and the lining should be made with several successive coats of asphaltum varnish or paint of a dark color.

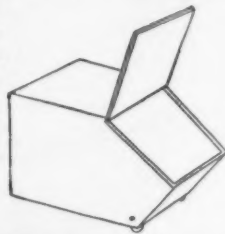


FIG. 22.

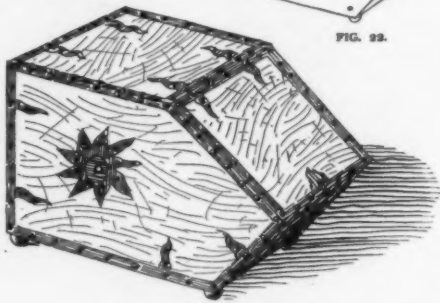


FIG. 23. A COAL-BOX.

Brass, lead, or black iron binding will look well on this box, and with large-headed nails the effect will be bold and pleasing. Four brass balls, from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches in diameter, with screws attached, are screwed fast under the corners to act as feet. These ball feet may be purchased at a good hardware-store.

KALISTA WISEFELLOW



KALISTA WISEFELLOW was a little girl who lived in a COLLEGE.

Her father was a very learned man, and he was a PROFESSOR in the COLLEGE; and that was the reason this little girl came to have such a strange name. When this LEARNED MAN found he had a dear little baby daughter, he named her Kalista, because that is the Greek word for "most beautiful," and I suppose he thought, like many other papas that are not very learned, that his little girl was very beautiful.

He had another little daughter, ever so many years older than Kalista, who was very pretty indeed. She had golden hair and blue eyes, and the loveliest pink-and-white skin. She had a Greek name also. Her name was Theodora, and that means "Gift of God"; and I think *that* name was a very appropriate one, for Theodora was as good as she was beautiful, and a comfort to her papa and her mama.

But my story is n't about Theodora very much, because she was so old. She was six years old when Kalista came; and by the time Kalista was big enough to play and be interesting and naughty, Theodora was very old indeed.

I suppose you think Kalista was a very beautiful child, but that is a mistake. She never was as pretty as her sister, in spite of her name; and when she was a little baby, only a few days old, she was not pretty at all. She had a very red face and lots of black hair all over her little round head, and two great black eyes that stared at

one so solemnly without even winking, and a nose that even the LEARNED PROFESSOR had to admit was too large for a baby and had a bump in the middle that was altogether more Roman than Grecian.

But Kalista did n't stay a baby always. She grew very fast, and it was not long before there was a little baby brother in her cradle, and she was n't a baby at all any more, but a real little girl. She was two years old now, and very much prettier than at first. Her nose was still too big and too Roman to let her be beautiful; but she had lovely large brown eyes, full of a sweet, bright expression, and soft, dark hair that waved around her face and curled about her neck, and bright, rosy cheeks and a white forehead.

But now the FAMILY began to have trouble. Nobody had thought much about her name, because they had always called her "Baby," and Kalista would do very well for her when she was grown up, but it was too long a name for such a wee little tot. There was a great discussion over it in the family council.

Well, this is the way they settled it at last: each one of the FAMILY decided to call her by a different name. Mama called her "Allie," because she thought it was a sweet name, and it did n't matter if it did n't belong to Kalista. Theodora (she was called "Dora" by the FAMILY) selected "Lita," because she was eight years old and beginning to be romantic. Papa determined on "Lit," as being most strictly derived from the original and therefore suitable for a very learned man; and her two big brothers (aged respectively six and four) called her "Kallie," "Kal," or "K," as suited their lordships at the moment.

When the matter was finally decided, the little Kalista looked very much relieved, and immediately slipped down from her high chair, walked up to her papa, and turned her back on him. This was not intended as a mark of disrespect, but as an intimation that she would like to be taken up; whereupon papa caught her up in his arms and christened her "my little Lit" with a warm kiss, for this very learned man had a very loving heart.

Then mama proposed they should give their little girl a christening party at "Fairy Home." This proposal was hailed with shouts of delight by Theodora and the BIG BOYS. "Fairy Home" was a grove of locusts at the foot of the garden. It was a very large garden, but not a very large grove. There were a number of big trees in the grove, and a great many half-grown locust bushes and some large rocks. The bushes divided the grove into shady rooms, the rocks made tables and seats, the grove stood on a tiny hill that was thickly carpeted with soft green grass, and altogether it was a lovely spot.

Papa said he would go to the party, for he had no recitations that afternoon, and mama said she would bring baby Ernest down for a little while. The baby was named Ernest because it was decided that none of the rest of the family should have Greek names. The *incon-gru-i-ty* of a Greek name and a Roman nose had always been a little mortifying to the PROFESSOR.

But, of course, they could n't have a party without inviting some people; so Theodora went over to Dr. Colton's to ask Mrs. Colton to let Mary and Charlie and Lizzie and Johnny come to the party. Dr. Colton was the president of the COLLEGE, and a very learned man, too; but his children had only English names.

Mrs. Colton said that Mary and Charlie and Lizzie and Johnny might go to the party; so Theodora ran home as fast as she could to have her pretty yellow hair curled and to put on a fresh white frock. When that was done, she helped nurse dress the little ones. Achilles wore a little jacket and trousers of buff "Marseilles," embroidered in white; and Hector wore a blue linen jacket and kilt, braided in white;

but the little Kalista was dressed in a lovely white dress, all embroidery and lace, with pink sash and pink sleeve-ribbons, and pink stockings and slippers. Theodora curled her hair, and Achilles and Hector made her a crown of pink roses, and then they all said she was "too sweet for anything"; and Hector and Achilles made a "queen's chair" by crossing their hands and carried her down to "Fairy Home."

But when they got there they almost let her fall — they were so surprised! There was Kalista's little red rocking-chair, all twined with beautiful green vines, sitting on top of a flat rock covered with moss, just like a throne. And on another big rock there was a beautiful white table-cloth, and Theodora's doll's dishes set out like a real table. There were ten little plates, ten little cups and saucers, and ten little knives and forks and tea-spoons, and a beautiful rose-bud beside each plate, and a great bunch of roses and lilies in the middle of the table.

But that was n't all. At one end of the table was a platter of tiny rolled sandwiches tied with narrow pink ribbons, and at the other a basket of little "Maryland" biscuit all nicely buttered. Then, besides, there was a big cake covered with frosting that mama must have ordered from the confectioner's, for there was n't time after dinner for cook to make it; and there was a big bowl full of strawberries that papa had picked himself; and a big glass pitcher full of yellow cream, such as only "Clover," their beautiful Jersey cow, could give.

Hector's mouth opened so wide when he saw everything that there was danger of its never going shut again, and, as I said before, he almost let the little Kalista fall. I don't know what might have happened, only Achilles — who was older than his brother, and, of course, much less easily affected at the sight of cake — said: "Look out, Hec; I'm afraid I'll tumble in!"

And then Hector was obliged to smile, and his mouth went shut, and he did n't let Kalista fall, but got her safely seated in her little red rocking-chair, and then the party began.

All the little Coltons were there, rosy and prettily dressed; and first everybody kissed Kalista, because it was her party, — except little Johnny, who put his finger in his mouth and said, "I don't want to," — though, of course,

that was only because he liked Kalista very much and had confided to his mama that he was going to marry her when he grew up. He was given a seat beside her at the table, and behaved like a little gentleman, and gave her the

appeared and the last crumb of cake, they put Kalista on her throne again and played "digging the well," which would n't have been at all a proper game to play except that, as Kalista was only two years old and Johnny only three,

"it did n't matter," as Theodora said.

The way they played it was this: Mary Colton asked the questions of Kalista, who sat in the chair and was supposed to be in the well.

"What is your name?"

"Talista Wise fellow."

"What are you doing?"

"Digging a well."

"How many feet deep?"

Whereupon Kalista meditated profoundly a few moments, and then said: "Fifty-'leven."

"Who do you want to help you out?"

This time the answer came promptly: "Johnny." Whereupon Johnny was appointed to kiss Kalista "fifty-'leven" times, and so get her out of the well. But when five kisses had been solemnly bestowed and accepted, the older ones assured them that was enough, and Kalista was released. Johnny insisted on taking her place, and had to be helped out of a well



AT KALISTA'S CHRISTENING PARTY.

biggest berries in his dish and all the frosting on his cake.

As for the little Kalista, she received his attentions with great complacency, as she did all the honors showered upon her, and said very little and looked very wise.

And then, when the last strawberry had dis-

"fifty-hundred" feet deep by Kalista; and then mama proposed they should not play "digging the well" any more.

I think mama did not like kissing-games very much, even for babies, and so, at her suggestion, they all went over to the north lawn, where the men had been mowing. There were great heaps

of newly cut grass on the lawn. The air was so soft and warm, and the smell of the hay so sweet, that the PROFESSOR persuaded mama and the baby to stay out too.

There was nothing this LEARNED MAN liked so much as to lie on the grass on a June day and watch the white clouds go sailing by in the blue sky. So he made a little nest of hay for baby Ernest in the shade of a big linden-tree, and another for mama close by. And then papa himself lay on the grass with half-shut eyes, gazing dreamily at the sky through the shimmering leaves, or watching the children in their frolics, or sometimes reading a little to mama out of a big book. And mama — well, mama just smiled and smiled all the afternoon. She smiled when the baby crowed; and she smiled when the little Kalista tried to turn somersaults in the hay and could only roll her fat little body over sideways; and she smiled still more when papa looked up and said something nice or funny to her.

But the children! They turned somersaults and had sham battles, and last of all played "bears." They buried one another in the hay and chanted a funeral song around the grave; and then, when the grave began to tremble and there were signs of coming to life, they all ran off shrieking and the bear after them, and whoever was caught had to be buried in the hay.

The first time, Kalista ran away in a spasm of real terror and hid her face in mama's lap, and had to be comforted and reassured; but after that she was always under the bear's feet trying to get caught, and clapping her little hands and uttering silvery peals of laughter whenever a little bear caught her.

And what a lively little bear she was when she came out of her grave with a big "Boo!" and toddled over the lawn in every direction, and never would have caught anybody only some one always happened to stumble over a pile of hay and could n't get up until the bear came and seized him and tugged at him with all her little strength to get him up, and led him back so proud and triumphant, and told him to lie down in the hay and be all covered up!

And they played so hard and had such a good time that nobody thought anything about the time—not even papa and mama—until nurse came to say tea was ready. And, sure enough,

the sun was almost down and there were long shadows all over the green grass.

It was a tired, tumbled set of little children that trooped up to the house, almost too tired to have their faces bathed and the grass-seed brushed out of their hair before they sat down to their simple tea.

As for Kalista, her little brown head sank down on the table beside her bowl of bread and milk when she had eaten a few spoonfuls; and the LEARNED PROFESSOR took her up in his arms and carried her very softly to the nursery,



"GOOD NIGHT!"

and asked Janie to try to undress her without waking her. But just as he was laying her in nurse's lap, she awoke enough to look up at him and smile and murmur sleepily: "I like tis'ning parties; tan I have anover to-morrow, papa?"

CIRCUS-TIME THOUGHTS.



"NO WONDER THAT GOATS CAN CLIMB MOUNTAIN CRAGS!"



"IT IS AMAZING HOW WISE AND TEACHABLE DOGS ARE!"



"BUT WHAT IF DOGS GREW TO BE AS LARGE AS ELEPHANTS!"



"WHY, KITTY, TUM RIGHT UP INTO THE SEWIN'-ROOM! YOU 'VE DOT A DREAT
BIG HOLE IN YOUR 'TOCKIN'."

A PENNY A DAY.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

*"See-saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster."*

"Mother dear," cried little John,
"I'd rather not have any
If I must slave the whole day long
For but a single penny."

Said my mother unto me,
Standing small beside her knee:

"Honest work is never slaving;
Don't despise the smallest saving.
Johnny, in my life I've learned
A penny saved is a penny earned.
Save thy pennies one by one;
Soon the dollar will be done.
Lay thy dollars on the shelf;
Fortune follows of itself.
Wouldst be rich? Be this thy way:
Lay a penny by each day."
Said my mother unto me,
Standing small beside her knee:

"Honest work wins honest pay
In the market any day.
Stick to what thou find'st to do;
Dig until thy work be through.
Of thine earnings save a penny;
Mite by mite doth make a many.
Penny lying on the shelf
Whistles penny to itself;
Each the other doth invest
With a growing interest.

Be thy saving great or small,
Add it to thy capital;
Soon thou 'lt find the saying true:
'Honest saving works for you.'
Day and night, while thou dost sleep,
All the pennies in the heap
Gather pennies one by one;
So great fortunes are begun.
Wouldst be rich? Then here 's the way:
Lay a penny by each day."



"HUSH, EVERYBODY! I 'VE JUST MANAGED TO GET ONE OF THEM ASLEEP."



I have now for a long time ceased to look for anything more beautiful in this world, or more interesting, than *the truth*, or, at least, than *the effort* one is able to make toward the truth.—MAURICE MÄRTERLINCK.

HOW THE LOBSTER GROWS.

A LOBSTER lays thousands of eggs, most of which hatch, but few ever live to grow up. This is not the fault of the mother, for she carries them about with her for nearly a year, and with admirable instinct guards them as she does her own life. When the young are set free, her duty is done, for they must then shift for themselves. Though hardly larger than mosquitos, being about one third of an inch long, the little ones leave their parents on the bottom and swim toward the light—to the surface, where, from one to two months, if fortune favors them, they lead a free, roving life. The open sea is a poor nursery for such weaklings, which become the sport of every storm and the prey of numberless hungry mouths. Out of a brood of ten thousand it would be a rare chance for more than one or two lobsters to reach maturity, or finally to end their career in the kitchen or the chafing-dish.

The eggs are commonly laid in midsummer, —and but once in two years by the same



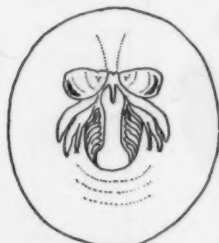
A CLUSTER OF LOBSTER EGGS.

individual,—and are hatched in May or June. A "hen" lobster, eight inches long, will lay five thousand eggs; and the egg-producing ability grows apace, for at ten inches the average number is ten thousand, and for the sixteen-inch length nearly one hundred

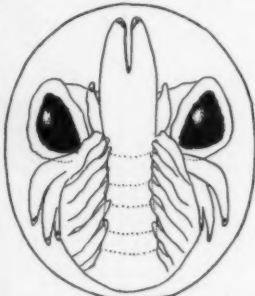
thousand. Each egg is a sphere of about the size represented by the capital O in this font of type (one sixteenth of an inch in diameter), of a deep-olive color, and is inclosed in a transparent, waterproof sac, or shell, through which the eyes and other parts of the developing lobster can be watched. Not only are these thousands of delicate eggs nicely distributed over the under parts of the lobster's body, but all are glued to one another, or to the hairs of the swimming feet, with a kind of flexible hydraulic cement, which sets in the water, and holds the eggs fast.

You cannot help the young lobster out of his shell, but must let him escape in his own way, for hatching is a delicate process. His "swaddling clothes" must all come off together, that no energy be lost. The little lobster hatches, molts ("changes his coat"), and unsheathes the swimming hairs of his legs at the same time. The egg-shells stick to both mother and child, while the cuticle of the latter is in turn glued to the swimming hairs of the new skin, so that every tug at the shell helps to free the little lobster from the hampering cloak, and at the same time to perfect his swimming apparatus.

This coming from the shell and molting is always a serious business, and any hitch in the process is likely to prove fatal, especially in the early stages. In this critical act the entire shell, down to a microscopic hair, and every-



THE LITTLE LOBSTER AFTER 26 DAYS' GROWTH IN THE EGG. (Diagram showing its form.)

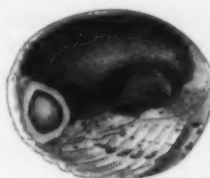


THE BABY LOBSTER WITHIN ITS SHELL (61 DAYS OLD).

The black spots are the eyes, which develop very early and grow rapidly. Compare with sketch at bottom of first column.

thing derived from the external layer of the skin or cuticle, including the lining of the stomach and the skeleton,—for these parts are all formed from folds of the skin,—are cast off in one piece. The whole process is dependent on growth, while this in turn is largely a question of age and of food. During the first year of life the lobster molts about seventeen times, but at its fifth year, when between ten and twelve inches long, not more than once or twice during that year.

The young, at hatching, are equipped with peculiar swimming organs in the form of six pairs of "oars," each of which is the outer branch of one of the chewing, grasping, or swimming feet, and is fringed with long, feather-like hairs. The lobster can move forward in any direction by the rapid beating of these flexible oars, or spring backward by a sudden contraction of the tail. At birth the skin is clear as glass, and the colors, now a pale blue sprinkled with vermillion, increase in brilliancy up to the fourth or even to the sixth stage.



A SIDE VIEW OF A LOBSTER IN ITS SHELL.

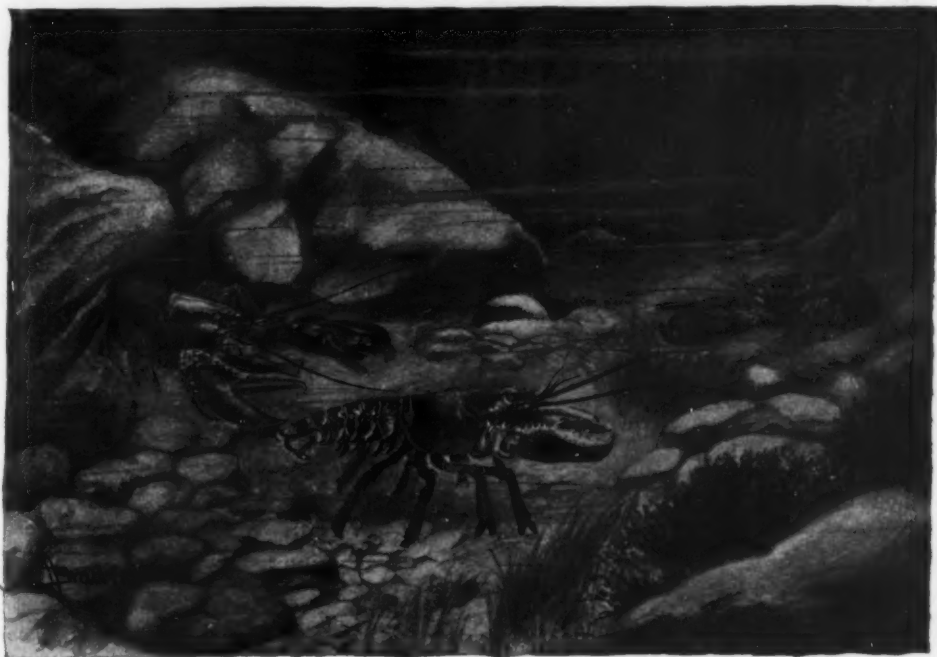
As it is seen when looked at with a microscope through the clear shell.

The eye is the spot at the lower left. The large dark upper part represents the liver and stomach. The part shown as the clear spot at the right forms the heart.

The body is armed with spines, the most formidable of which, called the beak or rostrum, projects like a spear between the great stalked eyes. As a parting blessing from its parent, the lobster is started in life with provisions for its journey in the little store of yolk left over from the egg; but this is quickly absorbed, and

the hungry larva soon begins to snap at floating particles of every kind—sand-grains, and scales of insects, as well as microscopic animals and plants which are its proper food. The young are also very pugnacious, and are cannibals to such a degree that it is almost impossible to rear them in small aquaria.

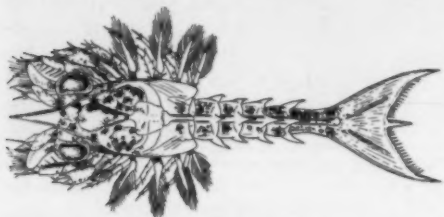
In a few hours or days a second molt and then a third are passed, in the course of which,



THE FULL-GROWN LOBSTER AT HOME.

Among the rocks, loose stones, seaweed, and eel-grass. (Drawn from the live lobster in an aquarium representing the bottom of the sea.)

besides a general increase in size, many changes are to be noticed. At the fourth shedding of



THE LARVAL OR FIRST SWIMMING STAGE OF THE LOBSTER.

In this stage it has but little of the "lobster" form. It changes its coat (molts) rapidly as it grows and becomes more and more like the familiar lobster of the markets.

the skin they seem to pass with a sudden leap to the lobsterling stage, when both in form and habits they resemble an old lobster in miniature, being half an inch long; but they still keep at the surface. The fourth stage marks the turning-point in the lobster's career, and after one or two more molts it sinks to the bottom, never to rise again, unless cast up by the sea or drawn up in a fisherman's trap. Many, after reaching the bottom, move toward the shores and hide in piles of loose stone, from which they venture only to capture their prey, and then often at night. When four or five inches long they become bolder and swim farther out to sea, always of necessity keeping to the bottom. Some reach maturity when eight inches long and about three years old.

FRANCIS H. HERRICK,

Professor of Biology in Adelbert College
of Western Reserve University.

Professor Herrick has made extended study of the lobster. For many years he devoted all the time he could spare to this research. For a part of each summer he studied at the laboratories of Woods Hole and along the



A LOBSTER IN THE FIFTH STAGE.

Becoming "lobster-like" in form. General color reddish brown.

coasts of Massachusetts and Maine and into Quebec. He refers to his extensive work as "a pleasant task," and states that he had many friends to aid him.

E. F. B.

THE GREEDY CORMORANT.

WHEN I was a keeper in the National Zoological Park in Washington, I observed a remarkable example of the well-known greediness of the cormorant.

Four little cormorants came to the Zoo, and were placed in a cage in which dogs had once been kept. Outside was a pebbly yard in which the dogs had exercised. The cormorants waddled about this yard and seemed to be having a fine time, until one morning I noticed that one of them was sitting on the ground, unable to rise. He did not waddle up to get his meal of whole fish, each usually about half as long as his own body; and as the others came rushing toward me to get their share, I knew that he was ill. I went into the cage and lifted him up. What was my amazement to hear something grating and clanking inside

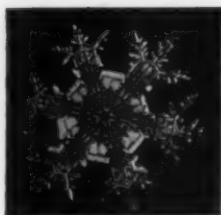


THE GREEDY CORMORANT.

of him! And he seemed surprisingly heavy. I at once called the head keeper, who decided to investigate by means of a surgical operation.

We took out two pounds of stones, one of which was four inches long, two and a half inches wide, and about half an inch thick! The poor chap seemed to feel relieved. In a few days he became convalescent, ate his food regularly, and seemed to be doing well. Then that hooked bill reached under the feathers and tore out some of the surgeon's stitches, which were undoubtedly irritating, as the wound was beginning to heal. As the result of this interference, the wound opened, and, as the weather was hot, the patient died five days after the operation.

WALTER KING STONE.

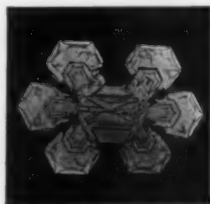


SNOW CRYSTALS.

SOME twenty-three years ago, a boy in northern Vermont, hardly midway in his teens, was attracted by the wonderful beauty of snow crystals and

frost-work as revealed by a small pocket-lens. He began to study and to make drawings of them, and the longer the study was continued, the more fascinating it became.

Crystal forms of wondrous beauty, snowy creations strange, rare, unique, rewarded the zealous search. Drawings of a few of the simpler ones were made; but how imperfectly, how little indeed, did these portray the beauty and the perfection of the originals! The desire to photograph them became almost a passion; and at last an outfit was procured. After many trials and failures, he obtained his first success in the early part of the winter of 1885. Studying and photographing them proved to



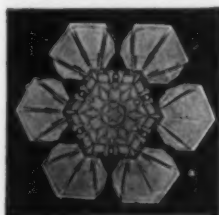
be so delightful a task, that during every winter since then to the present it has been continued, until now the photographs number more than eleven hundred, with no two alike. The marvelous thing about them is their diversity of form. Indeed, the variety of shapes is so nearly infinite that it is extremely unlikely that any person will ever find and photograph more than an insignificant fraction of the whole.

The more common types resemble tiny hexagonal columns, hexagonal plates, or frail, fern-like stars. What boy or girl has not seen and admired the ethereal beauty of these stellate outlines, or failed to notice them as the crystals fall to earth in feathery flakes? Yet the exquisite designs in the middle of the more

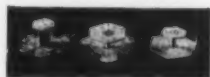


solid plates, which often resemble mosaic and other artistic patterns, endow them with a peculiar charm; and when, as often happens, Nature, in her inimitable manner,

combines these two types into one, and mounts her mosaic gems within filaments of silver as centerpieces for the fern-like stars, the result is beautiful beyond comparison. The "mat" forms are ornamented by dots, lines, and curves.



But, in addition to these more frequent types, she fashions others much more rare and delicate. In spring and autumn, heavy granular pellets, resembling pills fresh from some apothecary's shop, come falling through the air. Again, as if in a spirit of fun, she evolves irregular, oblong crystals, indescribable in their strange variety. Sometimes, as though trying to imitate man's designs, she seems to borrow her patterns from something similar fashioned by him, or she molds the crystals into the form of animals, or of cuff-buttons, or of starfish. Altogether, the study of snow is a delightful one, and must, it seems, always possess the



charm of novelty; for so long as eyes shall see and kindle at the crystalline beauty, so long shall howling blizzards or the silent falling of the snowflakes scatter over the earth choice



designs from the heavens, never to become exhausted, never to become wearisome, and always ready to charm those who have become "crystal-gazers."

Let the crystals fall on black paper or cardboard. Sketch them if you please, but at least see them.

WILSON A. BENTLEY.

SNAILS LAY EGGS.

PERHAPS few girls and boys would believe that snails lay eggs. And yet here is a big



THE SHELL OF A BIG SNAIL THAT LAYS EGGS.
The white oval in upper right of illustration shows comparative size of egg (almost as large as a robin's egg).

snail-shell with an egg which the animal (that lived in the shell as if it were a house that it carried around with it on its back) certainly did lay. Naturalists have found these big snails in abundance in the tropical countries of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia. And the fact that they lay eggs has been known for a long time. There are tree-climbing snails of the Philippines that lay their eggs at the tops of great forest trees, folding a leaf together to protect them. The shell shown above is called *Strophocloilus oblongus*, but it is much prettier than its name. It is found in the islands of Barbados and Trinidad, and it is customary for it to deposit its eggs in loose mold or earth. The shell has a pink flush about the opening, while above the spire it is pale-salmon color. Pond-snails lay eggs that are smaller than pinheads. Perhaps you have seen them as little spots in jelly-like masses on the sides of an aquarium.

THE PEARY METEORITE—"AHNIGHTO."

AFTER lying for seven years on the Cobb Dock at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, the largest mass of native iron known to be in existence in the world has been transported to the American Museum of Natural History, and now is on exhibition there. This mass, which is more than eleven feet long, seven and a half feet high, and six feet thick, weighs about thirty-seven tons, and consists of metallic iron alloyed with nearly eight per cent. of nickel and a little cobalt.

On account of its chemical composition and certain lines which the mass shows when a surface has been ground smooth, polished, and etched with acid, as well as on account of the position in which it was found and its surroundings, we know that this mass of iron is a meteorite; that is, that it fell to the earth from the sky, and that it is not a part of the original crust of the earth. This fact makes the iron of particular interest, because the heavenly visitors known as meteorites give us information in regard to the constitution of other worlds than our own.



THE PEARY METEORITE—"AHNIGHTO."
(Photographed with five girls standing in front to show comparative size.)

All meteorites are named, and the great example shown in the illustration was called

L. P. GRATACAP.



"Ahnighito," after the little daughter of the famous Arctic explorer Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. Navy, at the time it was taken from its rocky home near Cape York, Greenland, in 1897, and after herculean efforts loaded on the ship *Hope* for removal to New York. The existence of a mass or masses of meteoric iron in northern Greenland has been known since the early part of the nineteenth century, but they were never seen by white men until Mr. Peary first set eyes on them in 1894, after many hardships endured in hunting for them. It required twenty-eight horses and the strongest truck in the city to transport the mass to the museum from the North River dock to which the steam-lighter had brought the meteorite from the Brooklyn Navy-yard.

PORCUPINES AND SALT.

SOME men who were camping in the Adirondacks several years ago, on breaking camp in the autumn, left an old tub which was saturated with salt brine. On returning to the same camp the next year, they found that the tub had been gnawed until little of it was left. They were not long in finding out what animal had done the work, for the camp was overrun with Canadian porcupines. At night they became such a

nuisance that the campers were obliged to kill them to protect their property. The handle of a paddle was gnawed half through.

PORCUPINES EATING THE OLD BUTTER-TUB.

The explanation of their presence in such numbers during that year, when they had not been noticeably abundant in the previous year, is that they had made a rendezvous of the camp, being attracted by the old brine-tub. On this they had feasted all winter, and for that reason were greatly pleased with the locality.

An interesting query is this: Is the liking for salt an acquired or a natural taste? Were they ever able to gratify that taste to any extent before man gave them a chance to do so?

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

would send you some of them. I think a photograph of them would look well, in your ST. NICHOLAS, to

REGARDING EGGS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know whether the yolk of an egg, or the white, or both, make the chicken. I thought the yolk. Was I not right? I should like you to tell me about turtles' eggs, too, please: what they look like, whether they taste good, etc.

One of your most interested readers,

H. LOUISE MICK.

The chick comes from both, but chiefly from the growth of what is called the nucleus in the yolk. The yolk and the white serve as food for the young chick as it develops in the shell. Turtle eggs are much smaller than hens' eggs, and do not taper at one end. The taste is said to be strong and not very pleasant. The mother turtle lays only a small number, and buries them in the earth, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun.

Thoreau says that the turtle in digging in the sand for its nest uses its shell as a spade, tilting now this way, now that, with head and claws as a pick.

MARCH FLOWERS—ARBUTUS AND PYXIE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In ST. NICHOLAS I have seen pictures of many different flowers, but I never saw the



PYXIE.

those who read it. I enjoy many of your stories. I remain,

Yours truly,

ABRAM KARSH.

(Born in Russia, I am now twelve years of age.)

Of the daintiest of wild flowers the hepatica is usually regarded as the earliest (not counting the skunk-cabbage). The botanics give its time of flowering as December to May. It blooms sometimes under the snow.

Trailing arbutus is found from Newfoundland to Florida and west to Kentucky. A somewhat similar spring flower is the pyxie, which grows in pine-barrens and sandy places in New Jersey south to North Carolina. Both the pyxie and the trailing arbutus commence to bloom in March. Although they are so small and dainty, they are classified botanically as shrubs! Pyxie is moss-like in appearance, and hence is sometimes called "flowering moss."

Whittier claims that the name Mayflower, applied to trailing arbutus, refers both to the vessel *Mayflower* of the Pilgrims, and to the month of May.

The illustrations on this page are from photographs of the specimens sent by Master Karsh.



ARBUTUS.

flower named pyxie, a flower that grows in south Jersey. It sometimes grows under the snow. I thought I

GLACIAL BOULDERS AND SCRATCHES.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken two pictures of some big stones. Will you please tell me how these big boulders got in Central Park, and how the creases got in the rock?

Yours lovingly,

ELIZABETH JONES GUNN.

The big boulders which Elizabeth Gunn has photographed so nicely were brought into Central Park by a great ice sheet or glacier which



A BOULDER IN THE FIELD.

once covered all the northern part of the country, but which did not go farther south in the region of New York than Staten Island. When the ice melted, it left its burden of rocks, large and small, stranded in all sorts of queer places. The creases in the rock which run toward the large boulder on the side-hill are due to the parallel arrangement of the minerals,—mostly mica, quartz, and feldspar,—and they often take very curious wavy positions. Sometimes, however, we find grooves across these bands, and they are due to scratches which the great glacier made in the rocks with stones embedded in its bottom. The glacial grooves run northwest and southeast, while the bands of minerals run northeast and southwest, almost par-

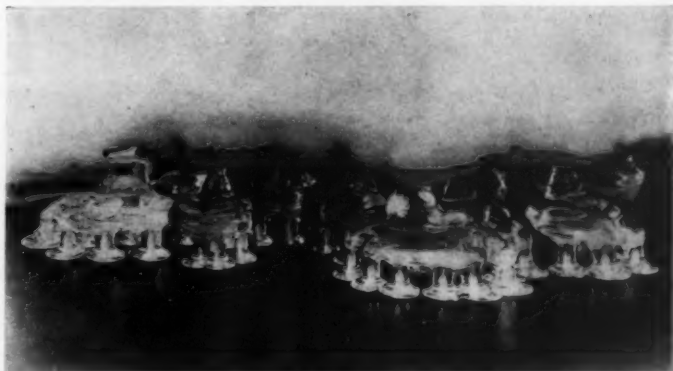


THE BOULDER ON THE SIDE-HILL LEDGE.

allel with the avenues. We know that the ice came from the northwest because all over Manhattan Island are pieces of the Palisades. The rock of the Palisades is very different from that of New York. And once, in a cellar excavation near Trinity Church, we found a pretty green serpentine glacial boulder that must have come from Stevens Point, Hoboken, just above the Lackawanna station.—J. F. KEMP, Professor of Geology, Columbia University.

STUDYING BROOKS IN WINTER.

THE editor of Nature and Science desires to correspond with young folks or teachers who have studied or photographed brooks in winter.



BEAUTIFUL ICE PILLARS AT THE EDGE OF A BROOK.

The white upper portion is a snowbank from which the water from the melting snow has trickled, forming these interesting and beautiful icicles. The lower dark part is the water in the brook.

This photograph is published as a suggestion to our young folks to go and see the wondrous beauty of the brooks in winter. You will find a great variety of ice formations along the edge of the banks, especially where they overhang the water.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY WESLEY R. DE LAPPE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE SONG OF THE HEROES OF GREECE.

BY JOSEPHINE POTTER DAVIS (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

We are the heroes of Greece—

We, the immortal dead.

We sit with the gods on Olympus,

With dew and ambrosia fed.

We stormed the heights of Troy,

We sought for the Golden Fleece,—

We, the immortal dead,—

We, the heroes of Greece!

We have sailed over unknown seas,
And defied the seasons and times,
To the far Hesperides,

To the shores of the northern climes.

We have lived life gloriously,

And for us it shall never cease,—

For us, the immortal dead,—

For us, the heroes of Greece!

But we would give up with joy

Our fame and our deity

For the stormy plains of Troy,

For our ship on the boundless sea,

For the joy of the mad, glad strife,

The rest in the sweet surcease,—

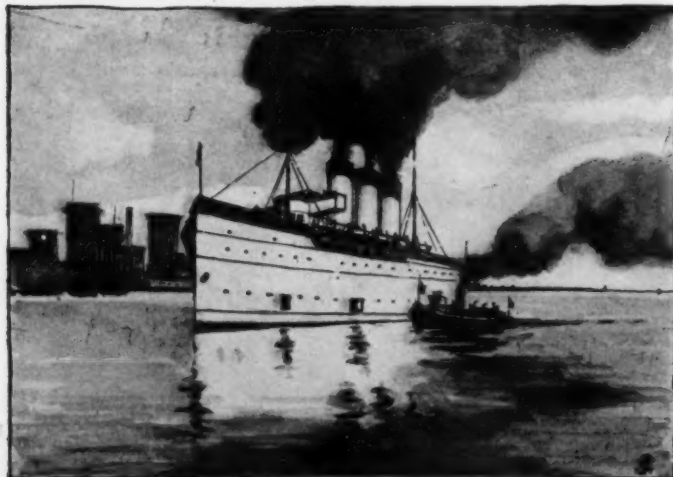
We, the immortal dead,—

We, the heroes of Greece!

No one of the recent prose competitions has resulted in better contributions than this one—on "An Episode in Grecian History"; and, if we may judge anything by numbers, Leonidas and Miltiades are the League's favorite Grecian heroes. The three hundred who died with Leonidas at Thermopylae will never be forgotten

on the page of history, and those who followed Miltiades on the plain of Marathon still live in song and story as truly as when the Greek bards first sang their immortal deeds.

It is a wonderful study, this history of men and nations—the growth and the decay of civilization, with its arts, its religions, and its sciences—the building and the ruin of cities—the changes of language and of race—the tracing of the lines that lead from a period of myth and fable to the present, with its marvel of knowledge and achievement so much more wonderful than anything that the old oracles and magicians ever dreamed. We see men and nations rise and become mighty; we watch them grow old and give way to those who are young and powerful and stand ever ready to overrun and trample and destroy. Yet it is not the world itself that changes,—except here and there, as man has adapted it a little to his needs,—nor the sea and sky, nor the sun, nor the old-time moon and stars. It is only men and the governments they upbuild



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY HOWARD JOHNSTON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

that struggle and beat against the bars of fate and so make history. Conquerors come and go, nations flourish and pass, but the same old sun sets over Thermopylae and rises over Marathon, the same old stars look down, and the same old earth revolves in the same hours and moments that were reckoned as time more than two thousand years ago. The history of the world is the history of the men who have lived upon it for good or evil; the story of nations is their story, and the end of it all is the marvel of the present and the problem of life to-day. And the things which we have we can better understand if we know something of what lies behind us—the prizes for which men have striven and died, and what part of the whole has survived to tell the tale. It is for this reason more than for any other that we have encouraged our members of the League to delve back into the past and learn to know more of those whose names and deeds have been preserved for us out of the debris of the heaping years.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 63.

Verse. Cash prize, **Josephine Potter Davis** (age 16), 67 Pembroke St., Toronto, Ont.

Gold badges, **Kate Sprague De Wolf** (age 15), 57 Union St., Jersey City, N. J., and **Gladys Nelson** (age 14), Sycamore Springs, Butler Co., Kan.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth Toof** (age 13), 506 N. 7th St., Quincy, Ill., **Edith Louise Smith** (age 11), 1108 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Bessie M. Blanchard** (age 11), Pawling, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Persis R. Parker** (age 14), Julesburg, Colo., and **Elizabeth Curtis** (age 14), 61 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass.

Silver badges, **Lawrence Doolittle** (age 13), Hopkinton, Ia., and **Percy V. Pennybacker** (age 9), 2606 White Ave., Austin, Tex.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Howard Johnston** (age 16), 2 Crocus Hill, St. Paul, Minn., and **Lucy Mackenzie** (age 17), Ladyhill House, Elgin, Scotland.

Silver badges, **Katharine Havens** (age 12), 203 Sumner St., Newton Centre, Mass., and **Miriam H. Tanberg** (age 8), 206 S. Main St., Janesville, Wis.

Photography. Gold badges, **H. Ernest Bell** (age 12), Milton, N. Y., and **Lewis P. Craig** (age 15), Shelbyville, Ill.

Silver badges, **Helen K. Porter** (age 11), 4 Crocker Row, Santa Barbara, Cal., and **Florence C. Irish** (age 13), "The Hamiltons," Norristown, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Mountain Goat," by **Sidney Moise** (age 16), 737 Whittier St., Los Angeles, Cal. Second prize, "Coot," by **Olive Williams** (age 15), 170 Arroyo Terrace, Pasadena, Cal. Third Prize, "Sand-hill Crane," by **Archie M. Goehring** (age 17), Key West, Fla.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Gertrude T. Nich-**

ols (age 13), Cohasset, Mass., and **Phillip John Sexton** (age 12), 1459 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Russell S. Reynolds** (age 13), 142 W. 12th St., New York City, and **Mary Parker** (age 12), 11 Lovells Court, London, E. C., Eng.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Helen Stroud** (age 16), 117 Mackay St., Quebec, Can., and **Elizabeth Palmer Lopez** (age 15), "Pine Point," Stonington, Conn.

Silver badges, **Mary Elizabeth Askew** (age 14), 1024 Lexington Ave., Altoona, Pa., and **Helen Hinds Twitchell** (age 13), 25 Alban St., Dorchester, Mass.

ALEXANDER.

BY PERSIS R. PARKER (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

AFTER the battle of Issus word was brought to Alexander the Great that the mother, wife, and children of Darius were his prisoners. Alexander and his friend Hephæstion immediately went to the tents of the royal family to assure them that they would be treated with due respect.

Both Alexander and Hephæstion wore plain armor, and Hephæstion was slightly taller than his king. As



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY H. ERNEST BELL, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

they entered the tent the queen mother, Sisymbis, mistook Hephæstion for Alexander. She fell on her knees before him and begged mercy for her daughter and her grandchildren.

"Lady, I am not the king. Ask your favor of my lord. He will grant it, I know," Hephæstion said gently.

Sisymbis, terrified by her mistake, did not know what to do or what to say. Alexander quickly showed his princely character by lifting her from the ground and leading her to a bench, saying:

"Fear not, for Hephæstion is my better self. I care not for prisoners, but it must be proven whether Darius or Alexander will rule the world."

The young conqueror often visited the Persian ladies, and, as he always found them idle, he thought perhaps if



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY LUCY MACKENZIE, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

they had something to occupy their minds time would pass more rapidly.

Alexander offered to have them taught to spin, weave, and embroider. The young queen begged that if he wished to make slaves of them he would choose some other way.

Alexander was much embarrassed by the tears of the beautiful woman; he explained that all Greek ladies seemed much happier when thus employed than when idle.

This subject was never brought up again.

Sisymbambis soon learned to love the beautiful Greek youth, with his courtly manners and gentle grace. When she heard of his untimely death she mourned for him as if he had been her own son.

MY HERO.

BY KATE SPRAGUE DE WOLF (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

NOT he who proud and dauntless stood
To stem the rising of the flood,—
That stream "to whom the Romans pray,"—
And after he had won the day
Was greeted with loud cheers;

Nor he who held the narrow pass,—
The Spartan king, Leonidas,—
Who perished for his country's sake,
And in our hearts doth ever make
A monument of tears:

My hero is not known to fame,
And countless "Legion is his name."
Oh, he who tries to curb his will,
And banish self; and, striving still,
O'ercomes his selfish fears,—

To him alone my praise I give,
Who "lives to learn and learns to live."

AN EVERY-DAY HERO.

BY GLADYS NELSON (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

His freckled face is all abeam with smiles,
His lips are shaped to give a whistle shrill,
His hat is torn "to let the sunshine in";
He's driving home the cows from o'er the hill.

And there he goes beneath the noonday sun;
His hoe is on his shoulder, and his song
Is echoed in the woodland over there:
His heart is light, although his furrow long.

There are who fret and grumble when they
see
The tall, rank weeds that crowd the salads
out;
But he is worth his weight in gold who goes
To conquer them with whistle, song, and
shout.

He's only twelve years old,—this lad I know,
Who never fears the tasks of every day:
A hero is the one who cheerfully
Can turn his daily labor into play.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN GRECIAN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH CURTIS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

OF all the touching episodes in Grecian history the death of Socrates appeals to us most deeply.

Socrates was one of the best of men, yet he had many enemies, principally of those who were jealous of him.

Among the noted Athenians of this time was a writer



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY LEWIS F. CRAIG, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

of comedies named Aristophanes. He liked to turn everything into ridicule. He was in the habit of seeing Socrates and Alcibiades, a handsome Athenian, together on the streets of Athens, and was greatly amused at the contrast between them. He soon grew to hate Alcibiades, but, seeing how much the people loved him, thought his faults must be due to the bad advice of his teacher—Socrates.

He wrote a comedy called "The Clouds." The actors who took part in this play dressed and acted as much like Socrates and Alcibiades as possible. Everybody talked about it and went to see it many times.

About twenty years later Alcibiades turned traitor and the people thought Aristophanes had been right, and without the evil influence of his teacher he would never have turned out so badly.

This accusation, made against Socrates by his enemies, resulted as they intended, and the tribunal gave orders for his arrest and trial.

They accused him of turning the gods into ridicule, and of teaching Alcibiades things that did him harm.

To all this Socrates answered calmly.

In spite of all his goodness, he was condemned to death.

In Greece criminals are forced to drink a cup of deadly poison at sunset on the day of their condemnation. But during one month of the year should no such punishment be inflicted. As Socrates was condemned at this season, the people had to wait; so they put him in prison in chains, but his friends were allowed to visit him. Every day a few of his pupils would gather around him.

One day he was told he could go unseen to a place of safety, but he refused. Then Crito, one of his pupils, began to weep and said:

"Master, will you remain here and die innocent?"

"Of course," replied Socrates. "Would you rather I should die guilty?"

As the sun was setting that day, the jailer entered the cell, bringing the cup of poison. Socrates drank it, saying that he was sure that death was only a birth into another world.

HEROES.

BY ELIZABETH TOOF (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

OH, bold and true the men of old,
Who left their land and home
To march to conquests far away,
To fight and fall for Rome.

And loyal they who Scotland freed
Through sacrifice and loss;
And brave the knightly hearts that beat
'Neath the crusader's cross.

To those who freed our own dear land
We loving tribute pay;
And to the men who fought in blue,
And those who fought in gray.

For only brave men dare to stand
For liberty and light;
And heroes true are all who shield
The cause they deem the right.



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY FLORENCE C. IRISH, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

AN EPISODE IN GREEK HISTORY.

BY LAWRENCE DOOLITTLE (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

WHILE Alexander the Great was on his famous expedition into Persia, he passed the city of Tyre, and was not sure whether to besiege it or not.

Tyre was one of the greatest seaports of the world in those days, and its commerce spread over the whole Mediterranean. It was built upon a small island about half a mile from the shore. The city had once been built on the shore, but the people had moved to the island for safety, and the old site was marked by ruins.

The people of Tyre sent presents and congratulations to Alexander, but when he proposed to come and offer a sacrifice to Hercules in Tyre, they suggested to him that he might offer his sacrifice in the ruined temple on the mainland.

Alexander then decided to besiege the city, and began to think how he could do it; for Tyre was surrounded by a high wall which rose directly from the water. He could not surround the city and starve it out, for he had no ships for blockading purposes. At last he decided to build a causeway from the shore to the island.



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY HELEN K. PORTER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY MIRIAM H. TANBERG, AGE 8.
(SILVER BADGE.)

There was plenty of rock in the old city, and the forests of Lebanon furnished the necessary piles. He had also plenty of men. They erected hide-screens to protect them from the darts of the enemy, and the causeway began to creep toward the city. Machines for throwing darts and stones and for driving piles were erected on the pier as it progressed.

When the Tyrians noticed this they began throwing darts and stones at the workmen; but they could not stop it. Finally they set a ship on fire and let it drift down toward the pier, which was burned to the water's edge. Then came a great storm, and the sea completed the destruction. But the pier was started again, this time all the woodwork being covered with rawhide for protection against fire. Finally, Alexander decided to collect a fleet of his own. He placed battering-rams and catapults—the siege-guns of those days—on his ships, and gradually approached the place until with his battering-rams he had made several breaches in the walls. Through these he poured his soldiers, and the city was taken.

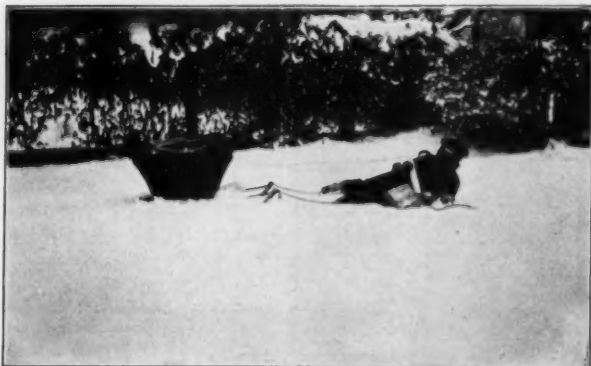
MY HERO.

BY BESSIE M. BLANCHARD (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

AN old-time hero was this man,
So straight, so brave, so tender;
And he was glad if to his friends
Some service he could render.

His eyes were of the brightest blue,
His forehead broad and high;
His hatchet told the people first
He could not tell a lie.



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY ANNA C. BUCHANAN, AGE 13.

His hair was powdered white at times,
As was the fashion then;
His silver buckles, how they shone!
You know him now, I ken.

Is not my hero best of all,—
This man of olden time?
I thought 't would keep his memory sweet
To write this little rhyme.

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY PERCY V. PENNYBACKER (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

THE battle of which I am going to tell was between Greece and Persia. Xerxes had conquered nearly all the world except Greece.

The Persians knew no other way to enter Greece



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY KATHARINE HAVENS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

than by the pass of Thermopylæ. They assailed the Greeks many times, but the Greeks drove them back, for the Persians could not get through the narrow space to get among the Greeks. Xerxes ordered his own body-guard to attack the Greeks, but they could not do any better than the others. This body-guard was driven back three times, and the king felt very badly. Soon a traitor Greek came and told Xerxes of a path around the mountains by which they could attack the Greeks in the rear.

When the guards told Leonidas, the Greek commander, the Persians were coming, some of his men went away, but more stayed.

The Greeks did not wait to be attacked, but went for the Persians. The Persians drove their men into battle with whips, but the Greeks fought bravely. They broke their spears, then their swords, then their daggers, and finally their teeth, biting.

When the sun went down there was

a mound of dead Greeks covered with spears and arrows. They were buried on the spot where they fell, and a column of stone was raised up over the grave, saying, "Go tell Sparta that we lie here obeying its laws."

ALEXANDER AND THE GORDIAN KNOT.

BY EMANIE L. NAHM (AGE 11).

DURING Alexander the Great's campaign to Asia Minor he was very anxious to go to Gordium, a city east of the Hellespont River. One reason why Alexander wished to go to Gordium was that he wished very much to untie the Gordian knot. This is the story of the Gordian knot:

Gordius was a mountain farmer. One day, when he was plowing, an eagle flew down and alighted on his plow and stayed till he had finished. This was an omen, but what did it mean? Gordius did not know, so he went to a town near by to consult the prophets and soothsayers. On his way he met a girl who was going to draw water at the well. Gordius fell into conversation with her, and told her of the eagle alighting on his plow. The girl advised him to offer a sacrifice to Jupiter. She said she would help him, and the affair ended in her becoming his wife, and they lived happily on their farm.

They had a son named Midas. One day they were going to a town, and Midas was driving in a cart drawn by oxen. It happened that in the town to which they were going there was an assembly which was in great perplexity on



"MOUNTAIN GOAT." BY SIDNEY NOISE, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"COOT." BY OLIVE WILLIAMS, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

account of an oracle which said, "A cart will bring them a king." Just then Midas drove up, and as he was in a cart they at once proclaimed him king. They took the cart and preserved it as a relic. Gordius tied the yoke to the pole of the cart with a piece of strong leather in such a way that nobody could undo it. It was called the Gordian knot. The oracle said afterward that whoever could untie it would become king of all Asia.

Nobody had yet succeeded, and Alexander wanted very much to untie it; so he went to the temple in which it was kept, and, after seeing it was impossible to untie the knot, he cut it into pieces with his sword.

MY HERO.

BY EDITH LOUISE SMITH (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

My hero is big and soft and white,
His eyes are large and kind;
A sweeter, kinder puppy dog
You'll never, never find.

I love my dog, and he loves me;
We are the best of friends:
No matter what can happen,
Our friendship never ends.

And so through every season
My dog and I will play—
In winter's cold and summer's heat,
Through every happy day.

BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 14).

A HEAVY cloud hung over Greece. Xerxes, the king of Persia, was invading the country, and, after defeating the Greeks at Thermopylae, had advanced rapidly toward the Peloponnesian peninsula. Athens was in great danger. Themistocles, a famous Athenian, went to the oracle for advice. The oracle said, when everything else failed, a wooden wall would protect the Athenians.

But what was the wooden wall? Only Themistocles knew. He said the wooden wall was to be a wall of ships, and he brought many citizens to his opinion.



"SAND-HILL CRANE." BY ARCHIE M. GOEMRING, AGE 17. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY VICTOR H. SEARS, AGE 15.

All who so willed embarked with their families for Salamis, an island south of Athens. At Salamis the Athenian ships, about two hundred in number, were met by the Corinthian and Spartan triremes, and a few other vessels independently manned, amounting in all to about three hundred and seventy-eight ships.

Meanwhile, Xerxes' army had taken possession of the almost deserted city of Athens, and his fleet weighed anchor in the Bay of Phalerum. The next morning the Athenians on board ship saw their beloved city in flames. The vandals had set fire to the city of art and beauty. The enraged Athenians determined to fight with the barbarians to the bitter end. But the rest of the fleet desired to sail for the isthmus, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Themistocles persuaded them to remain at Salamis.

A struggle with the Persians seemed inevitable. The great fleet was seen slowly moving toward the Greeks, for Xerxes, although he had been advised not to fight, obstinately decided to give battle.

At last the memorable day dawned—September 20, 480 B.C.—on which the battle of Salamis was fought. The Persians' ships were one thousand strong. The Greeks had only one third of their enemy's number, but each man was armed with the strength of three, because his wife and children were anxiously viewing the battle from the island. The Persians, too, had reason for courage. On a rocky brow of Mount Aegaleos sat Xerxes.

The battle began in this way: Ameinis, an Athenian, advanced from his line to attack a Persian ship. The two boats became entangled. The Greek ships advanced to assist their countryman, while the Persians hurried to oppose them. The battle now became general.

Both sides fought valiantly, but the Persian ships were clumsy and the Persian men poor sailors; the Greeks were perfectly at home on the water. In the confusion a panic arose among the Persians. Those ships which were not sunk or captured by the Greeks fled from the scene of action.

OUR FLAG.

BY WILLARD FRANKLYN STANLEY (AGE 5).

The red, white, and blue
Is waving in the breeze,
Like a lily in bloom—
Like a rose, gay
From the sunshine—
Like the sky and the stars.

A GREAT HERO.

BY CONSTANCE GARDNER
(AGE 10).

I'd like to be a hero
Of olden times gone by;
I'd like to be George Wash-
ington,
Who never told a lie.

I'd like to be a soldier
Who was as great as he;
But it is useless wishing,
As that will never be.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

BY LAWRENCE PRIZER
(AGE 15).

In the year 401 B.C. there occurred an event in Greek history which tends to bring out clearly the distinction between the Greek and the Persian—the Greek, bold, hardy, brave, and patriotic; the Persian, weak, cowardly, and fickle.

Darius II, the ninth King of Persia, had two sons, Artaxerxes and Cyrus. Upon the death of Darius, his eldest son, Artaxerxes, ascended the throne. Cyrus, deeming himself the legitimate heir, as he was the first son born after his father's accession to the throne, made an attempt to gain the throne from his brother, for which purpose he gradually collected an army of ten thousand Greek soldiers of fortune—men who made



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY CLINTON BROWN, AGE 15.

war a trade, and served anybody who was able to pay them.

Thus, in the year 401 B.C., Cyrus set out from Sardis on this memorable expedition, with one hundred thousand Asiatics and ten thousand Greeks, among whom was Xenophon, the historian.

Marching in a southeasterly direction, they came, without any opposition, to the city of Cunaxa, near Babylon, where they were met by the forces of Artaxerxes.

The battle was fought long and fiercely until Cyrus, on account of his rashness, was killed when victory was nearly his. Thereupon the Asiatics, terrified at the death of Cyrus, fled, leaving the ten thousand Greeks alone.

The Greeks were indeed in a deplorable plight. The only thing to do was to retreat, but this was nigh impossible. The king dead; themselves left in the heart of the Persian empire, without provisions or maps, misled by guides, ignorant of the language of the people, and surrounded on all sides by thousands of foes,—how were they to return to their native land? They could not go back by the way by which they had come, for the route lay across the desert, where it was impossible to obtain food. The only practicable route lay northward to the Black Sea. So, under the leadership of Xenophon, they struggled onward for eight months through many hardships and great peril.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.

Finally, one day, when ascending a mountain, they came in sight of the Euxine. What joyful shouts of "The sea!" "The sea!" arose from the throats of the remaining three quarters who had survived the hardships of this wonderful retreat!

Such was the retreat of the ten thousand, which, with the exception of the retreat from Moscow, has never been paralleled in history.

TO THE UNKNOWN HERO.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

NOT to the men who bravely fell,
Unconquered, at Thermopylæ;
Who stemmed uncounted armies' swell,
That Greece, their own, might still be free;
Not to the gallant, dauntless three
Whom Rome shall honor all her days;
Though peerless is their bravery,
I sing the unknown hero's praise.

Not in a moment's fiery zeal
He flings his life to glory's flame,
But bears heart wounds that never heal
Through years of misery and shame.
No glad earth shouts his valor's name;
Alone, his struggle he essays;
For the triumphs won, unsought by Fame,—
I sing the unknown hero's praise.

The war of life he fights alone;
His white lips utter ne'er a sigh;
In courage strong, without a moan,
Bravely he lays him down to die.
For noble purpose, pure and high,
The pain he bore through endless days.
Where'er his battle-field may lie,
I sing the unknown hero's praise.

AN EPISODE IN GRECIAN HISTORY.

BY ROBERT PAUL WALSH (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

"As wise as Solon!" "As rich as Croesus!" "A modern Æsop!"

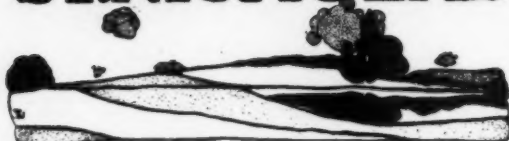
How many of a thousand people who use these expressions know how they originated?

It is a brisk spring morning, in the prospering country of Lydia, about the middle of the sixth century B.C. Three men are promenading in a park filled with verdure such as is found along the winding Meander



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY RHODA E. GUNNISON, AGE 15.

ST. NICHOLAS



LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY EDWARD JOSEPH LYONS, AGE 15.

River alone. The first of them, a man clothed in the finest raiments that the Orient can produce, is Cræsus, King of all Lydia, ever increasing in wealth with the stream of yellow gold that flows from his inexhaustible mines in Scythia, modern Russia. Solon of Athens is the second, and his coarse, flowing garment hangs loosely over his broad shoulders as he strides along with measured tread. Lastly, Æsop, secretary of Cræsus, the crippled slave, who wrote the instructing fables of "The Fox and the Grapes," "The Tortoise and the Hare," and the many others which amuse both young and old, is trudging along with short, uncertain steps. Cræsus is telling of his unbounded happiness; Æsop is relating, in a clever allegory, that happiness is like the fleeting time; but wise Solon merely remarks: "Call no man happy till his death."

Cræsus, mortified by this rebuff, departs for the hunt, while Solon and Æsop proceed to Delphi, to consult the sacred oracle for the king.

After offering sacrifice upon their arrival, they asked the oracle what would be the outcome of a war between Cræsus and Cyrus. Thereupon a peal of thunder shook the temple, and during the awe-inspiring silence that followed, the mysterious voice answered: "A mighty empire shall fall."

Cræsus, upon hearing this prophecy, mistook its meaning, and thinking that Cyrus's kingdom was meant, he made war against him.

Any one who has read history well knows that Cræsus was utterly defeated, and condemned to die by fire. On the funeral pyre Cyrus heard him exclaim: "Call no man happy till his death! O Solon, Solon, Solon! Wise art thou, and wise is Æsop, but I, poor man, abounding in riches, could not tell white from black!"

Then Cyrus, pitying Cræsus's plight, released him and appointed him his chief adviser; Æsop he sent to Delphi to distribute alms, and in a quarrel over a division he was killed; and Solon died of grief when his wise system of justice was overthrown in Athens.

THE HERO ACHILLES TO AGAMEMNON, SON OF ATREUS.

BY H. G. HENDERSON, JR. (AGE 15).

FORTH from Phthia, land of heroes, did I come to fight for thee;
Ten long years I fought the Trojans, now thou hast dishonored me.
When the sons of the Achæans chose thee Chryseis as thy spoil,
Then they gave me fair-cheeked Briseis for my labor and my toil.
Now that Chryseis is going, thou hast sworn my prize to seize —

O thou coward, Agamemnon, thou wilt soon be on thy knees,
Begging, praying me to save thee from the Trojan Hector's might;

But I here refuse, Atreides, ever more for thee to fight!

Why didst thou insult that Chryses, great Apollo's aged priest,

When he came with shining ransoms, asking favor not the least,

But demanding, as the custom, that his daughter should be bought?

Why didst thou with harsh words tell him to take back what he had brought?

Was it then the fault of Ajax or Odysseus — was it mine —

That the soldiery kept dying, slain by mighty darts divine?

No, wide-ruling Agamemnon, thou hast but thyself to blame;

I, O King of the Achæans, go to Phthia, whence I came.

AN EPISODE IN GREEK HISTORY.

BY HERMANN SCHUSSLER, JR. (AGE 11).

BEFORE the Greek and Persian War began, Alexander the Great refused to pay the tax of one thousand gold eggs to Darius, the King of Persia.

Darius became very angry with Alexander and sent him a bat, a ball, and a sack of small seeds: "the first two to ridicule his youth, and the third to represent the great numbers of the Persian army."

Alexander, equally angry, wrote back, saying: "With this bat I will strike the ball of your dominions, and, giving the seed to a fowl, in like manner I will gobble up your army; and I return a wild melon, so that its taste may indicate the bitter lot that awaits you."

This may have been one of the causes of the war.

A HERO.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

WHERE the glories of the sunset
'Neath the trees their shadows fling;
Where, amid the waving grasses,
First awake the buds of spring;

Low upon the mossy hillside,
Marked by neither slab nor stone,
Lies a fallen hero sleeping
On the battle-field alone;

With no record fraught with daring
Of the gallant heart below,
With his pall the blooms of summer
And the drifting wintry snow.

While his leader stands exalted,
And the throng his praises swell,
He was but a private soldier
Left to slumber where he fell.

Though his name be not in story,
Though his deeds be still untold,
Yet they shine with those of heroes,
Writ upon the Book of Gold.

A HERO OF TO-DAY.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 16).

His hand is strong, and his heart is true,
And his eyes are steady and calm and blue;
He is trusty and brave, he is stout and bold,
As the warrior knights in the days of old.
The chargers he rides are his two brown feet,
And they carry him everywhere, fearless and fleet.

He wins no battles and laurels great,
For he is a knight that is born too late;
For the good old chivalrous days are o'er,
And the knights and their ladies are here no more.

But though the tourneys and bouts are past,
The wrong and the sinful will always last;
And the ones to battle and conquer and slay
Are the freckled knights of the world to-day.

THE SIEGE OF MESOLONGHI.

BY F. A. COATES (AGE 14).

DURING the Greek revolution, when the hardy mountaineers fought for freedom from the Turks, the episode which shows more than any other the Grecian courage is the famous siege of Mesolonghi.

Greece had almost freed itself, and had established a government of its own, when the Sultan of Turkey, his army conquered, besought aid of Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. Against his disciplined troops the Greeks were powerless; but they bravely resisted until their freedom was assured by the intervention of the foreign powers.

On April 27, 1825, Kiutahi Pasha, governor-general of Rumelia, encamped before Mesolonghi. For eight months the inhabitants endured bravely a terrible siege, but in December the Turkish commander received ten thousand reinforcements.

On New Year's Day, 1826, the people wandered, starving, through the streets. Their ammunition, as well as their food, was consumed. But a joyful surprise was in store for them. Miaulis, the Greek admiral, broke through the Turkish fleet and landed twenty-four shiploads of supplies. Still, this could last but a few months at the most.

When it became evident to the Greeks that they could no longer sustain the siege, they made preparations for their escape, for the Turks gave no quarter. Those who could fight their way out divided into two parties. Many old men, women, and children must remain. The rest of the powder was stored in a large mill.

On April 22 the Greeks prepared for the attempt. That night those who were to remain behind assembled in the mill. In the mine under the wall an old soldier waited, a lighted torch in his hand.

At the appointed time, the two parties burst out from the city. One succeeded in breaking through the Turks and gained the mountains. The second was driven back.

Then the Turks pressed on to the attack. Hundreds were scaling the walls when the old soldier fired the mine. A terrific roar shook the earth, and hundreds of Turks perished. But their frenzied comrades still advanced. After they had taken the city they attacked the mill. When several hundred had collected around it, the heroes within fired the powder, sending themselves and many Turks into eternity.

Thus ended the siege of Mesolonghi, famous because it showed how love of liberty can transform simple and humble peasants into immortal heroes.

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AN EPISODE IN GREEK HISTORY.

BY ANNA A. FLICHTNER (AGE 13).

WHEN the Spartans made war against the Messinians, Aristomenes, the leader of the Messinians, was so brave that the Spartans despaired of conquering them, but sent, as usual, to an oracle to find out what to do. The reply was that if they would take an Athenian for their leader, they would be victorious. So a messenger was sent at once to Athens. But the leader sent was a poor, lame schoolmaster, who had never handled a weapon in his life, and this naturally made the Spartans very angry; but when he placed himself before them with a lyre and began to sing, all the patriotism in them was roused: they fought better than ever before, were victorious, and took many prisoners.

Now, it was the custom then to put all prisoners to death, and the way the Spartans did this was to throw them into a deep pit.

So the Messinians were thrown into this pit; but Aristomenes was left till the last, that he might see the suffering of his companions. Then he was thrown in, and the Spartans went back to the city to celebrate their victory.

By some miracle Aristomenes was not killed: he had fallen so that he reached the bottom without injury.

But he soon found that there was no way of escape, and therefore sat down, threw his cape over him, and prepared to die.

He sat thus for three days, when suddenly he felt a warm breath on his hand, and looking up, saw a fox prowling around him. He instantly caught hold of his tail, feeling sure that the fox knew some way of escape; and, sure enough, the fox stopped all at once before a hole, and Aristomenes, seeing a light at the other end, let it go. Then he made a hole large enough for him to crawl through, and thus made his escape to the Messinians, who, you may be sure, were overjoyed to see him.

THE WORLD'S HEROES.

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 17).

WHEN the storms are on the ocean,
When the waves are dashing high,
And within the sinking ships are
Fellow-men who soon must die,

There are heroes who, unmindful
Of the price their toil may cost,
Bravely hasten to the rescue
Ere the sinking ship is lost.

There are heroes on the mountain
Traversing the treacherous snow,
Showing wanderers paths of safety
Where but few would dare to go.

There are heroes in the battle
Who, 'mid sound of shot and shell,
On the land or on the ocean,
Guard their flag and country well.

Yet there are full many heroes
Whom the world will never know,
Struggling silently and bravely
As the ages come and go.

So we, on life's field of labor,
While the years are gliding by,
Though the world should never know us,
May be heroes, you and I.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY RICHARD A. REDDY, AGE 17.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Katharine Marble
Sherwood
Ethel B. Youngs
Grace Leslie Johnston
Janet Buchanan
Enza Alton Zellar
Dorothea Gay
Julia Ford Fieberger
Beulah H. Ridgeway
William Blodgett
Frances Lubbe Ross
Josephine E. Swain
Marie Armstrong
Alma Jones
Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Josephine Whitbeck
Lois Treadwell
Harold R. Norris
Dorothy Smith
Harriet D. Dey
Elizabeth Spencer
Doris F. Halman

VERSE 2.

Lillian McConnell
Twila Agnes McDowell
C. Ethelwyn Harris
H. Constance
Wylde Aiken
Blanche Leeming
Clara P. Pond
Lois Gilbert Sutherland

Dorothea B. Jones
Beatrice Lang
George S. White
Cora Edith Wellman
Helen Hill Newby
Leah L. Stock
E. Louise Kelso
Judith Hemenway
Alice Barstow
Harriet L. Barstow
Dorothy Thayer

PROSE 1.

Ethel Dickinson
Ethel Phelps
Margaret M. Albert
Ralph Deane Marchie
Florence Ross Elwell
Alma Wiesner
Mildred C. Jones
Louis Bronson Le Duc
Lucinda W. Reed
Lola Hall
Mary Blossom Bloss
Alfred S. Niles, Jr.
Ruth Pennybacker
Dorothy Kuhns
Helen Leslie Follansbee
Medora C. Addison
Percy McCoy
Sidney Robinson
Albert Hart
Helen R. Crouch
Mary Louise Smith
Edith Louise Jordan

Harold H. Griffin
Gladys Hodson
Lois Jordan Bell
A. Simonsfeld
Margaret Abbott
Lucile Raymond
Byrne
Mildred Newmann
Ivy Varian Walahe
Phyllis M. Clarke
Marvin G. Russell
Max J. Palen
Bernice Cecilia Frye
Frances Marion Miller
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Nannie Beall
David Fishel
George Switzer
Jeannette Schiff
Harold Plough
Cornelia N. Walker
Georgia Hurlin
Helen Hertell
Ella L. Wood
Mabel E. Deane

PROSE 2.

Milton White
Edith Blain
Clarence B. Reemelin
Webster Washburn
Allen F. Brewer
Edwin Einstein
Volant Vashon Ballard
Ruby Knox

Ruth Wheelock Tolman
Katherine Ancker
Louise W. Farnam
Beatrice Frye
Emory H. Niles
Ray Murray
Emory H. Skinner
Margaret Dow
Ruth A. Johnson
Clara Bucher Shanafelt
Fannie M. Stern
Helen Belknap
Elizabeth F. Yardley
Leroy Newcomb
Elsie Wormser
Madeleine P. Taylor
Marie Belknap
R. Goldschmidt
Agnes M. Frank
James E. Knott
Hattie E. Bosworth
Elizabeth R. Hirsh
Kathryn Robinson
John Cobb
Herbert Percy
Katherine Rutan Newmann
Dorothy Wormser
Elise R. Russell
Robert Blake
Charles Carr
Sylvanus Blumer
Theodore Lawson
Ruth W. Buck

DRAWINGS 1.

Ruth P. Brown
Theodor Bolton
Elizabeth Stockton
Hugh Spencer
Elizabeth M. Robinson
Melville C. Levey
Cordner H. Smith
Meade Bolton
Anna Zucker
Shirley Alice Willis
Helen O. C. Brown
Emily W. Browne
Marion H. Russell
Ashley W. Kendrick
Frederic S. Murray
Charles Vallee
Eleanor I. Town
Edward J. Lyons
Delma G. Cooke
Ella Elizabeth Preston
May Frasher
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Alice H. Miller
Mary Jadowsky
Stanislaus F. McNeill
Anita Moffett
Gertrude Mead Atwell
Vera Demens
Clifford H. Sheen
Gerald Lynton Kaufman
Marie Atkinson
Margaret Spencer-Smith

DRAWINGS 2.

Gladys L'Estrange
Joan Spencer-Smith

Elizabeth Otis
Julia W. Kurtz
Alpha H. Furley
James Harrison
Genevieve Ledgerwood
Freda M. Harrison
Hellen Gates
S. Davis Otis
Robert E. Jones
Raymond Rohn
Elsa Solano Lopez
Paul A. McDermott
Howard A. Patch
Marion K. Cobb
Herbert Clifford Jackson
Marjorie Hubbell
Anne Constance Nourse
Sara A. Parker
Robert McDonald
Elizabeth Rodman
Wright
Elizabeth Keeler
Dorcas Perkins
Helen Reading
Carina Eaglesfield
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Helen B. Flynn
Aline J. Dreyfus
Ethel Irwin
Gertrude Palmer
Mildred Wright
Isabel Howell
Nathalie Kelley
Rose Evelyn Miller
Gladys McCain
Margaret D. Carpenter
Charlotte Stark
Josephine McMartin
M. I. McLaughlin
Ruth Albrow Woodward
Margaret B. Richardson
Albertina L. Pitkin
Mary Baxter Ellis
Phoebe Hunter
Grace Cutter Stone
Frances Wetherly Varrell
Dorothy N. Stewart
Katherine Dulcibella Barbour
Marion Osgood Chapin
Katherine Walsh
Ruth Horney
Delphina L. Hammer
Dorothy O. Alexander
Bessie B. Styron
Sidney Altschuler
Myron A. Hardy
Margaret Grant
Gretchen Smith
Prudence Ovington
Ross
Mollie Brooks
Mary E. Klauder
R. C. Seamans
Margaret King
Elizabeth S. Cockle
William Dunn
Sarah Lippincott
David Lunn
Sinclair Walridge

LEAGUE LETTERS.

HOUGHS NECK, QUINCY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you ever so much for sending our badges so soon. The girls all liked them very much.

Yesterday we had a show in my house. It was a play. The name of it was "How Santa Claus Remembered the Browns." The children that came to it all liked it very much. There were fourteen there.

Afterward we acted out "Cinderella," all of us taking parts in it. Then we had a magic-lantern show.

We gave each one who came a bag of candy and pop-corn and a Christmas card.

Your friend,

DORIS SMITH.

Robert H. Gibson
Lois Macgavock
Williams
Helen Baker
Thurlow Merrill Prentice
Dorothy E. Downing
Dorothy Ramsey
Andrew W. King
Eleanor Keeler
Theodore L. Fitzsimons

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Warren Irish
Ralph M. Crozier
Dorothea da Ponte
Williams
Helen Schmidt
Harold Fay
Emily Sibley
Marie Russell
Madge Pulsford
Florence Short
Margaret Upton
Virginia Rees Scully
G. A. Priest

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Ralph W. Howell
Margaret Yardley
Alice T. Betts
Olive Mudie Cooke
Stanley Cobb
Harry C. Lefebvre
Harriet W. Gardiner
Laura M. Thomas
Willis Ward Fay
James E. Moran
Richard D. Charms, Jr.
Catherine Armstrong
George Grady, Jr.

PUZZLES 1.

Nell G. Semlinger
Janet Rankin
Madge Oakley
Katharine King
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Edna Browning
Margaret Griffith
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Margaret Marshall
Christine Southern
Helen H. Strehlan
Fred E. Norton
Theresa R. Robbins

PUZZLES 2.

Cornelia M. Vaughan
Archibald S. Macdonald
Tyler Barrett
Manuelita Koefoed
Fred P. Upton
Margaret McKnight
Kenneth Murdock
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Jacob M. M. Harris
Walker Ely Swift
Dorothy E. Hickok
Gladys Richardson
Elizabeth Hemenway

OAKLAND, CAL.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I received the membership badge and certificate. I am very proud of the badge, and I have hung the certificate in my room. I hope that some time I will do something good enough to win a prize.

I live in Oakland, California, across the bay from San Francisco. It has been warm and sunny all day, and the hills are green and beautiful. I have never seen snow. I would like to live where I could slide down the hills and skate on the ice. I have been read-



"SHE HAS A KITCHEN WITH A REAL COOKING-STOVE IN IT."

ing "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," and I think it would be nice to live in Holland.

My sister Marion is eleven years old. She has a kitchen with a real cooking-stove in it. She has almost all the utensils that you need for cooking. She knows how to cook a good many things, and cooks lunch for herself and me on Saturdays. She cooked lunch upstairs to-day. We had baked potatoes, eggs, and hot gingerbread. Our little bantams laid the eggs. I send you a photograph of the stove with my sister and myself.

I am your interested reader,

ELINOR CLARK.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge came yesterday, and it is so very pretty and I am so proud of it I want to thank you many, many times for it. I had really forgotten all about my puzzle, so you can imagine my surprise as well as delight when I saw my puzzle had taken the gold badge.

I had had very little hopes of ever having one printed, but now I will try harder for greater honors.

You were given to me as a Christmas present, and I look forward to your coming every month with great delight.

Thanking you again for the beautiful badge, and wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy, prosperous New Year, I am,

Your devoted reader,

NELL G. SEMLINGER.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
 MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you ever so much for the cash prize. I am so pleased, for I did not expect it. I have been sick over a half-year, and have not been able to send one every month. I determined to get one in for "Distance."

I told papa I did n't thank him one bit for making me seventeen years old in his indorsement. Between getting old and being sick, I'll be out of the League soon enough without him pushing along nearly half a year. I wish ST. NICHOLAS all success during the coming year.

I wish every boy and girl in the universe could have it, big and little. I am sure I could get to be seventy-five years old and never outgrow ST. NICHOLAS, and I can't remember the time it was not around.

Your faithful friend,

HUGO K. GRAP.

NEWPORT, KY.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In years to come the proudest moment of my life will have been that when I received the first pecuniary reward for any literary work, your cash prize. It was one of the most acceptable Christmas presents. You may rest assured that I shall strive to better my work in the future. Thanking you a thousand times, and wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am,
 Your friend,
 ROBERT PAUL WALSH.

Other valued letters have been received from Mildred Eastey, Mary R. Hutchinson, Lawrence Sherman, John A. Ross, Harriet A. Bingham, Buford Brice, H. L. Follansbee, Dorothy Dimick, Georgiana M. Sturdee, Walter E. Huntley, Bennie Allen, Lucile D. Woodling, Helen Carter, Harold G. Simpson, James Harrison.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 66.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. The last provision does not apply to "Wild Animal Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 66 will close March 20 (for foreign members March 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Fairy" or "Fairies."

Prose. Story or play of not more than four hundred words. Subject, an original fairy tale, any title.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "March."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Fair-land" and a Heading or Tailpiece for June.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
 Union Square,
 New York.



"GOOD-BYE, WINTER." BY EARL PARK, AGE 13.

BOOKS AND READING.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

AN excellent test of a friend is the making of a journey in his company. Many who are most agreeable amid the little events of every day at home, or in an accustomed round, are unable to withstand the petty annoyances that come with travel—the deferred meals, early rising, loss of sleep, the minor discomforts we all have suffered. But none of these affects the temper of a favorite book. It is ever ready for your amusement, yet never resents being put aside. It has no choice as to your route, and asks no more than a little corner of your traveling-bag, or, at a pinch, will go into a pocket as snugly as a pet squirrel. The "London Academy" says: "Indeed, of all travelling comrades books are the most genial and the most gentle; not books of travel—they are for the home fireside, but tales that have for background the scenery you are looking upon, or histories which deal with men and women who have dwelt and worked in the cities you are visiting."

THE POWER OF TIME.

SOME years ago the school readers used to contain a goodly proportion of stories that conveyed a moral. There was one favorite selection—how many of you recall it?—called "The Value of Time." It was meant to show that even a second might make all the difference between safety and disaster. There was one striking paragraph beginning, "A train comes rushing around a curve," and ending, "and all because the engineer's watch was *behind* time!" But all this was about punctuality, the *value* of time. There is another matter worth your thought, quite as much as promptness and economy of minutes. The economy of saving time is wise, but there is an economy of spending time.

In reading, especially, hurry is most wasteful. Reading is the making of thoughts, of ideas, of pictures in the brain. All young photographers know how little is to be made out of an "under-exposed plate," but do they understand that there may be such a thing as an under-exposed brain? It takes time to make impressions on the mind. If you read too fast, either aloud or

to yourself, or skim over your reading, the mind receives poor impressions or none at all.

STORY-POEMS.

WHO will send us a good list of poems that tell interesting stories?—poems that will interest young readers by the incidents related, as well as by the beauty of the lines? "King Robert of Sicily" is the sort of poem desired, or "The Pied Piper," or "The Jackdaw of Rheims." Of course they should be so written as to be within the understanding of younger readers.

NEW BOOKS WORTH WHILE.

ANOTHER book-season is over. What has it brought that our young people should read? The very fact that so many volumes come out is a strong reason for taking care that the best are not overlooked. Let us know any you have found worth the attention of our readers, and be kind enough to tell us their good points. The new books on American history are especially worth sifting; for as our country grows older and bigger, it is all the more desirable that young Americans should be reminded of the steps by which it became what it is.

THE WORKS OF COOPER.

WE should be glad to know whether our young readers are acquainted with others of James Fenimore Cooper's books than the Leatherstocking series. There seems to be nowadays a tendency to overlook his sea-stories, though these were once great favorites. Who remembers "Long Tom Coffin," or that famous scene in "The Pilot" where there is a series of captures that keep the reader in a state of breathless suspense?

Won't some of our older friends tell the juniors the names of books that pleased their girlhood or boyhood?—such as "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger," or "Ran Away to Sea," or "The Life-boat," or "Gascoyne, the Sandalwood Trader." They are too good to be forgotten.

HELPS TO RIGHT READING.

THERE are certain books about things that are not literary, and yet they are necessary to give us clear ideas concerning the matters we meet with in literature. Good specimens are those by

Alice Morse Earle, such as her "Home Life in Colonial Days." In telling stories it is not possible to bring clearly before the reader all the little matters that made old times different from our own days, and yet we should have an idea of the old homes and their furnishings, of costume and of customs, so that we may see old scenes and incidents as they really were. Histories touch briefly on such matters, but these other books give us all the little details of daily life. Besides, they are charming and absorbing in themselves, as you will find.

THE LIVES OF GREAT MEN. PERHAPS the best way of reading history is to learn the lives of the persons most famous in each period. Scudder's "Life of Washington," once published as a serial in *ST. NICHOLAS*, will give you more knowledge of the Revolutionary days in America than can be found in any of the smaller histories, and it is also the best sort of romance. What "boys' book" has a more thrilling story to tell than that of this young Virginian, who became a surveyor, a scout, a soldier, general-in-chief, and President? Franklin's career is a better romance than is made up by any of the popular writers for young people, and the adventures of John Paul Jones are more thrilling and more exciting than those of any of the heroes told about in so-called "stories of adventure."

It is an old saying that truth is stranger than fiction—so old that we forget its wisdom; but compare the rise of the young Corsican lieutenant, Napoleon Buonaparte, from obscurity to an imperial throne with the most improbable story for young folks, and the truth seems more improbable than fiction. The life of Mahomet by Irving is as strange; and these are only the best known.

There is no need to go outside of history for thrilling stories. Did you ever read of Captain Tyson's drift on the ice-floe, or of the beginning of the Russian dynasty of the Romanoffs? You may choose your own sort of adventure, and history will supply you with the most wonderful examples of it.

MUTUAL MENTORS. How would it do for two young readers to make an agreement that each should send to the other, at the end of each month, an account of any

important book read, with a brief opinion of it? This would be helpful to both, and might be a pleasant means of keeping up an interesting correspondence.

Letters used to carry news, but the news now is old before a letter can arrive. Besides, if you care about each other's opinion, each can be a check upon her friend to prevent the reading of too many frivolous books or to encourage the reading of those worth while; and it also helps to a knowledge of good books.

THE FENCER JOHN MILTON. SOME of our boy-readers may be interested in knowing that our great Puritan poet was very fond of athletics, always exercising every day, and taking care to keep himself strong and well and in good condition.

While at Cambridge he made himself an accomplished swordsman, and declared with the modesty that is characteristic of great men that he was quite able to protect himself from harm when he had sword in hand. It is pleasant to picture him engaged in a fencing bout, and to read of his confidence in his sword: "Armed with it, as he generally was, he was in the habit of thinking himself quite a match for any one, even were he much the more robust, and of being perfectly at his ease as to the danger of any injury that any one could offer him, man to man."

READING ABOUT ENGLISH HISTORY. SOMETHING was said in this department, not long ago, advising young students to read good fiction relating to whatever period of history they happened to be studying. A friend who read what we had said and who thought well of the suggestion writes to say that in Larned's "History of England" there is, at pages 644-649, a well-selected list of books covering English history in thirty-seven epochs, there being as many as ten works named under some of these divisions.

The same friend also wishes us to recommend highly Kenneth Grahame's books to our young readers, but for books so well known as these we hardly think that this is necessary. Neither do we advise the reading of them at too early an age, since, while they are about children, by their method of treatment they are aimed mainly at older readers.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is an interesting letter from a California girl-reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and it is accompanied by a unique and charming photograph:

PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending a photo of myself in Nome, Alaska, in which I am fishing for tomcod through a hole in the ice out on Bering Sea. The hole in the ice is about one foot wide. I am sitting on a piece of ice and fishing.

The fishing-rod and line are made by the Eskimos, and are very different from ours. The rod is about a foot

however, only 70 succeeded, and joined with about the same number from the glass-works in the town. The first few days they did nothing but parade the streets, singing uncomplimentary songs about the "gendarmes."

But one Sunday they assembled in force, and were so uproarious that the police had to hold the road.

The first we heard of it was the singing of the Carmagnole, and rushing to the balconies, we were just in time to be able to see (for we were not near enough to hear) the riot act read by the mayor, but as they would not disperse, the order was given to charge! Oh, what a panic ensued! The horses and men charging in all



ANITA FISHING THROUGH THE ICE ON BERING SEA.

and a half long, and the line is often very long and is wrapped around the rod, and you can unwrap it if your line is not long enough. The rod is made of wood, and the line is often made of sinew. At the end of the line there are from three to five hooks; so it often happens that you catch more than one fish. You do not have any bait, but just jerk the line up and down and once in a while you get a fish. For a sinker you use an ivory fish which is usually old. If the fish are running well you could catch a sackful in an hour. Tomcod are usually sold for a dollar a sack.

Your loving reader,
ANITA ALLEN (age 8).

SYDENHAM, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have changed our place of residence, and are now living just outside London.

Just before we moved in, we stayed for about two months in Tréport, a small town in the north of France. While we were there we had a curious experience—namely, a riot. As perhaps some of your readers have not been in one, I will try to tell you a little about it.

One day 1200 glass-blowers from various towns round about attempted to enter Tréport; happily for us,

directions, the flashing of the sun on the unsheathed swords, all partly obscured by the clouds of dust raised by the flying feet of the horses, made a picture which none of us will be likely to forget.

Nothing was done after that by the rioters, although they threatened to return and avenge the comrades who had been hurt in the scuffle.

I am your interested reader,
FREDA M. HARRISON (age 14).

MALVERN, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been to the World's Fair, and I saw the Liberty Bell—it was in the Pennsylvania State Building. The building was beautiful, and the bell had flags around it.

In the Liberal Arts Building I saw The Century Co.'s exhibit, and copies of the ST. NICHOLAS. My mother took the ST. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl.

I have two cats. Their names are Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes.

Yours truly,
MARJORIE B. SUMPTER (age 11).

The answers to the charades on page 441 are "Boa" and "Doughnut."



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ZIGZAG. Washington; from 1 to 8, February. Cross-words: 1. Warm. 2. Paul. 3. Fish. 4. Arch. 5. Coin. 6. Cucc. 7. Gale. 8. Etna. 9. Buoy. 10. Barn.

TRANPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG. Frank Stockton. 1. Fire, rifle. 2. Eras, sear. 3. Abbe, babe. 4. Snap, pans. 5. Kiel, like. 6. User, sure. 7. Tool, loot. 8. Rome, more. 9. Cars, scar. 10. Skid, kids. 11. Tern, role. 12. Lore, role. 13. Note, tone.

A LABYRINTH. Begin at the second C in second line reading across. Chattanooga, Chicago, Columbus, Council Bluffs.

SQUARES AND DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, Saint Nicholas; 3 to 4, Ralph W. Emerson; 5 to 6, abbreviations; 7 to 8, balsamiferous; 9 to 10, obstinateness; 11 to 12, brotherliness. I. 1. Abeam. 2. Blast. 3. Smit. 4. Satan. 5. Raven. II. 1. Wager. 2. Whole. 3. Black. 4. Loose. 5. Eagle. III. 1. Noose. 2. Stoop.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Duluth"—Elizabeth Palmer Loper—"Microbia"—Mary Elizabeth Askev—"Mary Dunbar"—"Alli and Adi"—Harriet Bingham—"William R. McK. Very"—Emmet Russell—"Benjamin L. Miller"—Helen Hinds Twitchell—"Two Puzzlers"—Bessie Sweet Gallup—"J. Alfred Lynd"—Clements Wheat—Gladys Hilliard—Margarita F. Elder—Marion Thomas—St. Gabriel's Chapter—Helen Hoag—Helen Stroud—Doris Hackbusch.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Chuck," 8—Elizabeth L. Kirlin, 1—Edwin and Beatrice, 3—Albert Noble, 1—Harold L. Godwin, 1—Frank L. Prohaska, 2—"Two D's," 2—Harold B. Tripler, 8—W. O. Dickinson, 1—Helen MacKenzie, 1—E. Adelaide Hahn, 8—Esther Jackson, 1—Grace Haren, 8—Edna Krouse, 8—Bunny and Buddy, 1—Kendrick Van Pelt, 1—"Aunt Emily," 1—Helen Jelliffe, 8—Elizabeth B. Case, 1—Alan Winslow, 1—Florence Hayes, 1—Jessy Coverhill, 1—Lillian Jackson, 8—Thomas L. Irving, 1—Walter L. Dreyfus, 7—W. G. Rice, Jr., 1—Nettie C. Barnwell, 7—Mary S. Van Orden, 5—Jo and I, 8—Salome Baker, 1—Elizabeth J. Phillips, 1—Olga Lee, 8—Mary O'Connor, 1.

CONCEALED WORDS.

ONE word of four letters is concealed in each quotation. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the surname of an English poet.

- "I would the gods had made thee poetical."
- "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."
- "Again to the battle, Achians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!"
- "There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats."
- "So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt."
- "And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe."
- "Who sees with equal eye, as God or all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall."

DORIS HACKBUSCH (Honor Member).

TRANPOSITIONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and the omissions and transpositions have been made, the initials of the new words will spell a familiar title. All of the first words described contain six letters.

- Omit the first letter of a household convenience for carrying articles in, transpose the remaining letters, and make something used on ice.
- Omit the first letter of something to write on, transpose, and make a common article of furniture.
- Omit the last letter of the name of slow-moving animals, transpose, and make part of the fingers.

3. Stick. 4. Ranch. 5. Sagu. IV. 1. Olive. 2. Knife. 3. Babel. 4. Essay. 5. Umber. V. 1. Earls. 2. Bound. 3. Slect. 4. Snipe. 5. Taper. VI. 1. Sable. 2. Whale. 3. Shot. 4. Brush. 5. Stern. VII. 1. Roast. 2. Tasse. 3. Easel. 4. Above. 5. Taste. VIII. 1. Rala. 2. Slain. 3. Tenor. 4. Shame. 5. Tapir. IX. 1. Erect. 2. Dined. 3. Album. 4. Train. 5. Sabot.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Roosevelt. — RIDDLE. Back.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. R. 2. Rig. 3. Rigor. 4. Got. 5. R. II. 1. R. 2. Hot. 3. Rower. 4. Ten. 5. R. III. 1. R. 2. Tut. 3. Rumor. 4. Tom. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Bit. 3. River. 4. Tea. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Mat. 3. Razor. 4. Toy. 5. R.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Sight. 2. Idler. 3. Glare. 4. Herbs. 5. Tress.

4. Omit the fourth letter of the name for a jackdaw, transpose, and make a likeness.

5. Omit the second letter of a rough drawing, transpose, and make a big box.

6. Omit the first letter of to beat soundly, transpose, and make crabbed.

7. Omit the first letter from to waver, transpose, and make a fur-bearing animal.

8. Omit the last letter from a number, transpose, and make an embankment.

9. Omit the fourth letter in something which brings good luck, transpose, and make the smallest particles.

10. Omit the fifth letter in a person in authority, transpose, and make clever.

PHILLIP J. SEXTON.

BEHEADINGS AND ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly beheaded, and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the surname of a famous personage.

- Behead a quick movement, and leave to desire.
- Behead keen, and leave a musical instrument.
- Behead a bottle for holding oil, and leave an artifice.
- Behead a month, and leave a curve.
- Behead a slow-moving animal, and leave a measure of length.
- Behead a law, and leave in a little while.
- Behead anew, and leave profit.
- Behead moving, and leave to agitate.
- Behead to empty by lading, and leave a grated box for confining chickens.
- Behead a country gallant, and leave a wagon.

RUSSELL S. REYNOLDS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MY initials name a famous man, and another row of letters spell the name of a poem.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A fine fabric made of flax. 2. A tropical fruit. 3. A wanderer. 4. Magnificent. 5. Part of a blacksmith's outfit. 6. Keenly desirous. 7. A city of France celebrated for certain manufactures. 8. A dead language. 9. To suppose. 10. A common liquid.

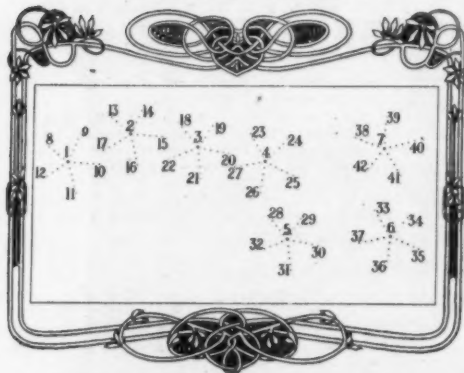
MARY PARKER.

CHARADE.

To my *first* a beggar came;
He said his need was *last*.
"Come in," I said; "here 's food for you."
(The quantity was *vast*!)
Too plain for him my offering;
He threw it in my *last*,
Then fled, as in an angry tone,
"My *whole*!" I cried, aghast.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

A "DIPPER" PUZZLE.



FROM 8 to 1 (six letters), a great German poet; 9 to 1, a tragic poet of France; 10 to 1, the press established at Venice by Aldus Manutius; 11 to 1, a beginner; 12 to 1, to prosper. FROM 8 to 12 (the five end letters), a famous American general.

FROM 13 to 2, an English historian born in 1777; 14 to 2, a symbol; 15 to 2, to enlighten; 16 to 2, a Westphalian town; 17 to 2, high regard. FROM 13 to 17, a German poet.

FROM 18 to 3, teachable; 19 to 3, a water-spirit whose name gives the title to a German story; 20 to 3, rest; 21 to 3, "the lily maid of Astolat"; 22 to 3, a man who, in 1775, took a famous ride. FROM 18 to 22, a famous German painter and engraver.

FROM 23 to 4, a large basket; 24 to 4, a writer; 25 to 4, at a distance; 26 to 4, the capital of Colorado; 27 to 4, a British admiral born in 1786. FROM 23 to 27, the composer of the "Creation."

FROM 28 to 5, a famous "Autocrat"; 29 to 5, an Egyptian god; 30 to 5, the surname of an English poet and artistic decorator; 31 to 5 superfluity; 32 to 5, a great Flemish painter. FROM 28 to 32, a great Greek poet.

FROM 33 to 6, the germ of a plant; 34 to 6, a musical term meaning a gliding movement; 35 to 6, a kind of deep blue; 36 to 6, a character in "Twelfth Night"; 37 to 6, a character in "Two Gentlemen of Verona"; FROM 33 to 37, the pen-name of a great English novelist.

FROM 38 to 7, the author of "The Origin of Species"; 39 to 7, "The Wizard of Menlo Park"; 40 to 7, the builder of the *Clermont*; 41 to 7, to direct with authority; 42 to 7, to procure.

FROM 38 to 42, the author of a famous story which appeared in 1719.

FROM 1 to 7, a great American essayist.

M. B. CARY.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of an American statesman. 2. Customary. 3. To reflect. 4. A merry-making. 5. The surname of two presidents of the United States. 6. Worthy of belief. 7. Pertaining to physics. 8. Malicious.

FROM 1 to 2, a Carthaginian general; 3 to 4, a British dramatist and orator.

HARRY I. TIFFANY
(Honor Member).

ANAGRAMS.

ALL of the stars may be replaced by the same five letters, differently arranged.

A little boy wrote the following composition on his

WATERFOWL.

CERTAIN waterfowl are called They feel bad if you their eggs, but some folks are not in the considerate; and many boys think the about the wrong in robbing nests are very and foolish.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN
(Honor Member).

DIAMONDS AND A SQUARE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In terminal. 2. To cut down. 3. The whole. 4. A common verb. 5. In terminal.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In terminal. 2. A shallow, open dish. 3. A bricklayer. 4. To bow. 5. In terminal.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. The chief of the fallen angels. 2. Apart. 3. Movements of the ocean. 4. Thoroughly proficient. 5. Bird homes.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In terminal. 2. A Japanese coin. 3. Worth. 4. To pinch. 5. In terminal.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In terminal. 2. Turf. 3. A bird. 4. To delve. 5. In terminal.

GERTRUDE T. NICHOLS.



"DESPERATE MEN THEY WERE, AND ONLY DESPERATE RIDING COULD SAVE THEM."
(See page 485.)